

1753
H Y M N S,

COMPOSED

On various Subjects.

WITH A

P R E F A C E,

CONTAINING

A BRIEF and SUMMARY ACCOUNT

OF THE

AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE,

AND

The great Things that God hath done
for his Soul.

By J. H A R T.

*Of sing unto the Lord a new Song; for he hath done
MARVELLOUS THINGS: His right Hand,
and his holy Arm hath gotten him the Victory.
Pfal. xcvi. 1.*

L O N D O N:

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THE following Hymns were composed, partly from several Passages of Scripture laid on my Heart, or opened to my Understanding from time to time by the Spirit of God, or else hinted to me by other Christians; (of which latter there are indeed but very few) partly from Impressions felt under different Frames of Spirit at the Times when they were respectively written; and partly from spontaneous Impulses, or serious Reflections on such Subjects as accidentally occurred to my Mind. There are also Passages interspersed here and there, that were written many Years ago on various Occasions, and now thought worthy, after a long Suppression, of being revived and brought to Light; but these likewise are very few.

They were begun almost two Years ago; but have been greatly impeded and often interrupted by Disorder and Darkness of Soul, Afflictions and Temptations of various Kinds, and other Hindrances. They are published not only in the same Order, but almost in the same Manner in which they were first written: For tho'
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they have since undergone a cursory Re-
visal, and have been lightly retouched, the
Alterations I have made in them are nei-
ther very numerous nor material.

I desire wholly to submit them, with
myself, to the all-wise Disposal of that God,
the sweet enlivening Influences of whose
blessed Spirit I often felt while they were
composing. All I would humbly wish is;
that Jesus of *Nazareth*, the mighty God,
the Friend of Sinners, would be pleased to
make them, in some Measure (weak and
mean as they are) instrumental in setting
forth his Glory, propagating and enforcing
the Truths of his Gospel, chearing the
Hearts of his People, and exalting his in-
estimable Righteousness, upon which alone
the unworthy Author desires to risque the
whole of his Salvation.

Tho' the rich Displays of God's free
sovereign Grace, and electing Love to Me
the chief of Sinners may be seen, by an
enlightened Eye, in several Parts of the
Compositions; and tho' one of them in
particular (N^o XXVII. Page 39. entitled,
The Author's own Confession) be written con-
fessedly with that View; I shall neverthe-
less lay hold on the present Occasion, to
make my public Acknowledgment of
God's unmerited Mercy to me, by giving
a brief and summary Account of the great
Things he hath done for my Soul: I say,
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a brief and summary Account ; for a minute and circumstantial Detail of them, would more than fill an ample Volume.

AS I had the Happiness of being born of believing Parents, I imbibed the sound Doctrines of the Gospel from my Infancy ; nor was I without Touches of Heart, Checks of Conscience, and Meltings of Affections by the secret Strivings of God's Spirit with me while very young : But the Impressions were not deep, nor the Influences lasting, being frequently defaced and quenched by the Vanities and Vices of Childhood and Youth.

About the twenty-first Year of my Age, I began to be under great Anxiety concerning my Soul. The Spirit of Bondage distressed me sore ; tho' I endeavoured (as I believe most under legal Convictions do) to commend myself to God's Favor, by Amendment of Life, virtuous Resolutions, moral Rectitude, and a strict Attendance on religious Ordinances. I strove to subdue my Flesh by Fasting, and other rigorous Acts of Penance and Mortification ; and whenever I was captivated by it's Lusts (which indeed was often the Case) I endeavoured to reconcile myself again to God, by Sorrow for my Faults ; which, if attended with Tears, I hoped would pass as current Coin with Heaven ; and then, I judged myself whole again, and to stand on equal Terms with my Foes, till the next Fall ; which generally succeeded in a short Time.

In this uneasy restless Round of sinning and repenting, working and dreading, I went on for above seven Years ; when a great domestic

Affliction befalling me, (in which I was a moderate Sufferer, but a monstrous Sinner) I began to sink deeper and deeper into Conviction of my Nature's Evil, the Deceitfulness and Hardness of my Heart, the Wickedness of my Life, the Shallowness of my Christianity, and the Blindness of my Devotion. I saw that I was in a dangerous State; and that I must have a better Religion than I had yet experienced, before I could, with any Propriety, call myself a Christian. How did I now long to feel the Merits of Christ applied to my Soul by the Holy Spirit! How often did I make my strongest Efforts to call God *my God*! But alas! I could no more do this, than I could raise the Dead. I found now, by woful Experience, that Faith was not in my Power; and the Question with me now was, not whether I *would* be a Christian or no; but whether I *might*; not whether I should repent and believe; but whether God would give me true Repentance, and a living Faith.

After some Weeks passed in this gloomy, dreadful State, the Lord was pleased to comfort me a little, by enabling me to appropriate, in some Measure, the Merits of the Saviour to my own Soul. This Comfort increased for some Time. And my Understanding was also wonderfully illuminated in reading the holy Scriptures; so that I could see Christ in many Passages, where before I little imagined to find him; and was encouraged to hope I had an Interest in his Merits, and the Benefits by him procured to his People.

In this blessed State my Continuance was but short: For rushing impetuously into Notions beyond

yond my Experience, I hasted to make myself a Christian by mere Doctrine, adopting other Mens Opinions before I had tried them; and set up for a great Light in Religion, disregarding the internal Work of Grace begun in my Soul by the Holy Ghost. This *Liberty*, assumed by myself, and not given by Christ, soon grew to *Libertinism*; in which I took large progressive Strides, and advanced to a dreadful Height, both in Principle and Practice. In a word, I ran such dangerous Lengths, both of carnal and spiritual Wickedness, that I even out-went professed Infidels, and shocked the Irreligious and Profane with my horrid Blasphemies, and monstrous Impieties. Hardness of Heart was, with me, a Sign of good Confidence; Carelessness went for Trust, empty Notions for great Light, a seared Conscience for Assurance of Faith, and rash Presumption for Christian Courage.

My Actions were, in a great measure, conformable to my Notions: For having (as I imagined) obtained by Christ a Liberty of sinning, I was resolved to make Use of it; and thought the more I could sin without Remorse, the greater Hero I was in Faith. A tender Conscience I deemed Weakness; Prayer I left for Novices and Bigots; and a broken and contrite Heart was a Thing too low and legal for me to *approve*, much more to *desire*. Not to dwell on Particulars, I shall only say (what, tho' shocking to hear, is too true!) that I *committed all Uncleanneſs with Greedineſs*.

In this abominable State I continued, a loose Backslider, an audacious Apostate, a bold-faced Rebel, for nine or ten Years, not only committing Acts of Lewdness myself, but infecting others

others with the Poison of my Delusions. I published several Pieces on different Subjects, chiefly Translations of the ancient Heathens; to which I prefixed Prefaces, and subjoined Notes of a pernicious Tendency, and indulged a Freedom of Thought far unbecoming a Christian.

But God, who is rich in Mercy, and whose Grace is, like himself, almighty, did not altogether give me up to Hardness and Impenitence: I felt, from time to time, Meltings of Heart and inward Compunction; and had a secret Hope at the Bottom (which often rose above my gross Corruptions) that I should not always go on in this abandoned Manner, and run as reprobate to final Perdition.

About seven or eight Years ago, I began by degrees to reform a little, and to live in a more sober and orderly Manner. And now, as I retained the Form of sound Words, and held the Doctrines of Free Grace, Justification by Faith, and other orthodox Tenets, I was tolerably confident of the Goodness of my State; especially as I could now also add that other Requisite, a moral Behaviour. Surely, thought I, though I have been so profligate and profane, yet as I am now reclaimed, and am not only sound in Principles, but sober and honest in Practice, I cannot but be in the right Way to the Favor of God.

For several Years I went on in this easy, cool, smooth, and indolent Manner, with a lukewarm insipid Kind of Religion, yet not without some secret Whispers of God's Love, and Visitations of his Grace, and now and then warm Addresses to him in private Prayer. But alas! all this while my Heart was whole; the Fountains of the

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the great Deeps of my sinful Nature were not broken up. I was therefore conscious that the written Word of God was against me, especially those Parts of it, that represent the Children of God as a poor, afflicted, mourning, broken-hearted People; of which Characteristics I was destitute: Nor was the Blood of Christ effectually applied to my Soul. I looked on his Death, indeed, as the grand Sacrifice for Sin; and always thought of him with Respect and Reverence; but did not see the inestimable Value of his Blood and Righteousness clearly enough to make me abhor myself, and count all Things else but Dung and Dross. On the contrary, when I used to read the Scriptures (which I now did constantly, both in *English* and the original Languages) tho' my Mind was often affected, and my Understanding illuminated by many Passages that treated of the Saviour; yet I was so far from seeing, or owning that there was such a Necessity for his Death, and that it could be of such infinite Value as is represented, that I have often resolved, (O the horrible Depth of Man's Fall, and the desperate Wickedness of the human Heart!) that I never would believe it; and even told God himself, that he could not make me, without injuring my Reason, and imposing on my Understanding, by downright Violence and perverse Power.

About three or four Years ago, I fell into a deep Despondency of Mind, because I had never experienced grand Revelations and miraculous Discoveries. I was very melancholy, and shunned all Company, walking pensively alone, or sitting in private, and bewailing my sad and dark Condition, not having a Friend in the
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World, to whom I could communicate the Burden of my Soul; which was so heavy, that I sometimes hesitated even to take my necessary Food. But after many a gloomy doleful Hour, spent in Solitude and Sorrow, not without strong and frequent Cries and Tears to God, and beseeching him to reveal himself to me in a clearer Manner, I thought he asked me, in the midst of one of my Prayers; Whether I rather chose the visionary Revelations, of which I had formed some wild Idea, or to be content with trusting to the low despised Mystery of a crucified Man? I was enabled to prefer the latter; and felt great Comfort in expecting the future Effects of my Choice.

But Gloom of Mind, and Dejection of Spirit still frequently overwhelmed me: From which I used to be relieved, by pouring out my Soul to Christ, and beseeching him, with Cries and Groans and Tears, to reveal himself to me; praying at the same Time it might be done without Pain; for I was so much a Coward, that I preferred Ease to every other Consideration. I was often answered by such Portions of Scripture as these: *Behold I come quickly; and my Reward is with Me.—That which thou hast already, hold fast till I come.* To the latter of these, I closed my Hands fast, and cried, I would sooner part with every Drop of Blood, than let go the Hopes I already had in a crucified Saviour: And to the former, I used to reply, (after considering the Words, *My Reward is with Me*:) “Come, “Lord Jesus, come quickly.” For tho’ I expected some sore Visitation; yet, believing that Christ would bring Strength and Power with him, I waited, and long’d for his Coming.

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The Week before *Easter* 1757, I had such an amazing View of the Agony of Christ in the Garden, as I know not well how to describe. I was lost in Wonder and Adoration; and the Impression it made was too deep, I believe, ever to be obliterated---I shall say no more of this; but only remark, that notwithstanding all that is talked about the Sufferings of Jesus, none can know any Thing of them, but by the Holy Ghost; and, I believe, he that knows most, knows but very little. It was upon this I made the first Part of Hymn 1. *On the Passion*: Which, however, I afterwards mutilated and altered.

I used to be often terribly cut down with those Words. *And cast ye the unprofitable Servant into outer Darkness: There shall be weeping and gnashing of Teeth.* Mat. xxv. 30. Which sometimes sunk me almost to utter Despair; and then again I used to receive some Comfort. At length, Despair began to make dreadful Head against me; Hopes grew fainter, and Terrors stronger: Which latter were increased by a Letter I received from a Friend, who had also run great Lengths of Impiety with me formerly, but was now reclaimed. The Convictions I now laboured under, were not like those legal Convictions I had formerly felt, but far worse, horrible beyond Expression. I looked on myself as a Gospel-Sinner; one that had trampled under Foot the Blood of Jesus; and for whom there remained no more Sacrifice for Sin. I shall not enlarge here, chusing rather to suppress than exaggerate; as I do not lay any Stress on my own Sufferings, or those of any other Man, except the Man Christ Jesus; but surely what I

felt was very grievous. For so deep was my Despair, that I found in me a Kind of Wish, that I might only be damned with the common Damnation of Transgressors of God's Law. But, oh ! I thought the hottest Place in Hell must be my Portion. All the evangelical Promises were so far from comforting me, that they were my greatest Tormentors, because they would only increase my Condemnation.

This Distress and Anguish of Soul was likewise attended with great Infirmary of Body. One Morning I was waked with intolerable Pain, as if Balls of Fire were burning my Reins. Amidst this excruciating Torture, which lasted near an Hour, one of the first Things I thought on was, the pierced Side of Jesus, and what Pain of Body, as well as Soul, he underwent. Soon after this *fiery* Stroke, I was seized in the Evening with a *cold* Shivering, which I concluded to be the icy Damp of Death, and that after that must come everlasting Damnation. In this Condition I went to my Bed ; but dared not close my Eyes, even when Nature was overcharged, lest I should awake in Hell.

While these Horrors remained, I used to run backwards and forwards to Places of religious Worship, especially to the Tabernacle in *Moorfields*, and the Chappel in *Tottenham-Court* : Where, indeed I received some Comfort (which, tho' little, was *then* highly prized, because greatly needed) but in the general almost every Thing served only to condemn me ; to make me rue my own Backslidings, and envy those Children of God, who had continued to walk honestly ever since their first Conversion. Notions of Religion I wanted no Man to teach me ; I had
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Doctrine enough ; but found by woful Experience, that dry Doctrine, tho' ever so found, will not sustain a Soul in the Day of Trial.

In this sad State I went moping about (and that I could, was next to a Miracle) having some little Hope at the Bottom under all, which now and then would glimmer, but was soon overwhelmed again with Clouds of Horror, till *Whitsunday* 1757 ; when I happened to go in the Afternoon to the *Moravian* Chappel in *Fetter Lane*, where I had been several Times before. The Minister preached on these Words ; *Because thou hast kept the Word of my Patience, I also will keep thee from the Hour of Temptation, which shall come upon all the World, to try them that dwell upon the Earth*, Rev. iii. 10. Tho' the Text, and most of what was said on it, seemed to make great'y against me ; yet I listened with much Attention, and felt myself deeply impressed by it. When it was over, I thought of hastening to *Tottenham-Court* Chappel ; but presently altering my Mind, returned to my own House.

I was hardly got Home, when I felt myself melting away into a strange Softness of Affection ; which made me fling myself on my Knees before God. My Horrors were immediately dispelled, and such Light and Comfort flowed into my Heart, as no Words can paint. The Lord, by his Spirit of Love, came---not in a visionary Manner into my Brain, but with such divine Power and Energy into my Soul, that I was lost in blissful Amazement. I cried out, "What Me, Lord?" His Spirit answered in me, *Yes, Thee*. I objected ; "But I have been so unspeakably vile and wicked"---The Answer was ; *I pardon thee fully and freely. Thy Goodness*
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(for I had now set about a thorough Amendment, if peradventure I might be spared) *cannot profit thee; nor shall thy Wickedness damn thee. I undertake to work all thy Works in thee and for thee; and to bring thee safe thro' all.* The Alteration I then felt in my Soul, was as sudden and palpable, as that which is experienced by a Person staggering, and almost sinking under a Burden, when it is immediately taken from his Shoulders. Tears ran in Streams from my Eyes for a considerable while; and I was so swallowed up in Joy and Thankfulness, that I hardly knew where I was. I threw my Soul willingly into my Saviour's Hands; lay weeping at his Feet, wholly resigned to his Will, and only begging that I might, if he was graciously pleased to permit it, be of some Service to his Church and People.

Thenceforth I enjoyed sweet Peace in my Soul; and had such clear and frequent Manifestations of his Love to me; that I longed for no other Heaven. My Horrors, which were then banished, have never since returned. And tho' I can see little Signs, as yet, of his granting my Request concerning Usefulness; tho' I am barren of Good, and full of Evil; tho' I have many sore Trials and Temptations in my Soul; yet it pleases the Lord to reveal himself often in me, to open the Mysteries of his Cross, and to let me bathe deeply in his precious Blood.

Not long after this my--- Shall I call it *Re-conversion*? I was terribly infested with Thoughts so monstrously obscene and blasphemous, that they cannot be spoken, nor so much as hinted; and, I believe hardly, such as ever entered into the Heart of any other Man; tho' I am sensible that

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that most of God's Children are sometimes attacked in like Manner: But mine were foul and black beyond Example, and seemed to be the Master-pieces of Hell. They haunted me some Months; and used to make me weep bitterly, and cry earnestly to my God to remove them: Which at last he was pleased to do in a great Measure; tho' they would often be returning still, like intruding Visitors, but are not permitted to come with much Power. In short, I feel myself now as poor, as weak, as helpless, and dependant as ever; but now my Weakness is my greatest Strength. I now rejoice, tho' I rejoice with Trembling.

I soon began to be visited by God's Spirit in a different Manner from whatever I had felt before. I had constant Communion with him in Prayer. His Sufferings, his Wounds, his Agonies of Soul were imprest upon me in an amazing Manner. I now saw my Name sculptur'd deep in the Lord Jesus's Breast, with Characters never to be erased. I saw him with the Eye of Faith, stooping under the Load of *my* Sins; groaning and groveling in *Gethsemane* for *Me*. The incarnate God was more and more revealed to me; and I had far other Notions of his Sufferings, than I had entertained before. Now I saw that the Grief of Christ was the Grief of my Maker; that his Wounds were the Wounds of the Almighty God; and the least Drop of his Blood now appeared to me more valuable than ten Thousands of Words. As I had before thought his Sufferings *too little*, they now appeared to me to be *too great*; and I often cried

out, in Transports of blissful Astonishment; " Lord, 'tis too much, 'tis too much; surely " my Soul was not worth so great a Price." I had also such a Spirit of sympathetic Love to the Lord Jesus given me, that after I had left off to sorrow for *myself*, for some Months I grieved and mourned bitterly for *Him*. I looked on him whom I had pierced, and felt such sharp Compunction, mixt at the same Time with so much Compassion, that the Pain and the Pleasure I experienced, are much better felt than exprest.

Jesus Christ, and He crucified, is now the only Thing I desire to know. In that incarnate Mystry are contained all the rich Treasures of divine Wisdom. This is the Mark, towards which I am still pressing forward. This is the Cup of Salvation, of which I wish to drink deeper and deeper. This is the Grace, in which I long to grow. This is my Religion; and the whole of my Religion. THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD is the Life: And all Duties, Means, Ordinances, &c. are to me unprofitable Nothings, except they are enriched with the Blood of the Lamb; in Comparison of which, all Things else are but Chaff and Husks.

PHARISAIC ZEAL, and ANTINOMIAN SECURITY, are the two Engines of Satan, with which he grinds the Church in all Ages, as betwixt the upper and the nether Millstone. The Space between them is much narrower and harder to find, than most Men imagine. 'Tis a Path which the Vulture's Eye hath not seen; and none can shew it us but the Holy

Holy Ghost. Here, let no one trust the Directions of his own Heart, or of any other Man; lest by being warned to shun the One, he be dashed against the Other. The Distinction is too fine for Man to discern: Therefore, let the Christian ask Direction of his God. These two hideous Monsters continually worry and perplex my Soul: Nor is the *Former*, tho' appearing in a holier Shape, one Whittless, but (if possible) more odious to me than the *Latter*. Therefore, from the wonderful Dealings of God towards me, I endeavour to draw the following Observations.

On the one Hand, I would observe; That it is *not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth; but of God, which sheweth Mercy*.--- That none can make a Christian, but he that made the World.--- That it is the Glory of God to bring Good out of Evil.--- That whom he loveth, he loveth unto the End.--- That though all Men seek, more or less, to recommend themselves to God's Favor by their Works, yet *to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the Ungodly, his Faith is counted for Righteousness*.--- That the Blood of the Redeemer applied to the Soul by his Spirit, is the one Thing needful.--- That Prayer is the Task and Labor of a Pharisee; but the Privilege and Delight of a Christian.--- That God grants not the Requests of his People, because they pray; but they pray because he designs to answer their Petitions.--- That Self-Righteousness, and legal Holiness rather keep the Soul *from, than draw it to* Christ, --- That they who hunt after them,

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pursue Shadows; mistake the great End of the Law, and err from the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*. --- That God's Design is to glorify his Son alone, and to debase the Excellence of every other Creature. --- That no Righteousness besides the Righteousness of Jesus (that is, the Righteousness of God) is of any Avail towards Acceptance. --- That to be a moral Man, a zealous Man, a devout Man, is very short of being a Christian. --- That the Spirit of God is not confined to any Place or Time; but wherever the Lord is, there is his House. --- That the Dealings of God with his People, tho' similar in the general, are nevertheless so various, that there is no chalking out the Paths of one Child of God by those of another; no laying down regular Plans of Christian Conversion, Christian Experience, Christian Usefulness, or Christian Conversation. ----- That the Will of God is the only Standard of Right and Good. --- That the least Sprinkle of the Blood of a crucified Saviour on the Conscience, sanctifies a Man more in one Minute, than the most abstemious Life and rigorous Discipline can do in an hundred Years. --- Lastly, That Faith and Holiness, with every other Blessing, are the Purchase of the Redeemer's Blood; and that he has a Right to bestow them on whom he will, in such a Manner, and in such a Measure, as he thinks best; tho' the Spirit in all Men lusteth to Envy.

On the other Hand, I would observe; that it is not so easy to be a Christian, as some Men seem to think. --- That for a *living* Soul
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really to trust in Christ alone, when he sees nothing in himself but Evil and Sin, is an Act as supernatural, as for *Peter* to walk the Sea. --- That mere Doctrine, tho' ever so sound, will not alter the Heart; consequently that to turn from one Set of Tenets to another, is not Christian Conversion. --- That as much as *Lazarus* coming out of his Grave, and feeling himself restored to Life, differed from those who only saw the Miracle, or believed the Fact when told them; so great is the Difference between a Soul's real coming out of himself and having the Righteousness of Christ imputed to him by the precious Faith of God's elect, and a Man's bare believing the Doctrine of imputed Righteousness because he sees it contained in Scripture, or assenting to the Truth of it when proposed to his Understanding by others. --- That a whole-hearted Disciple can have but little Communion with a broken-hearted Lord. --- That *if any Man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his*. --- That a prayerless Spirit, is not the Spirit of Christ; but that Prayer to a Christian, is as necessary and as natural as Food to a natural Man. --- That the usual Way of going to Heaven is through much Tribulation. --- That the Sinner, which is drawn to Christ, is not he that has *learnt* that he is a Sinner by Head-Knowledge, but that *feels* himself such by Heart-Contrition. --- That he that believeth, hath an Unction from the Holy One. --- That a true Christian is as vitally united to Christ, as my Hand or Foot to my Body; consequently suffers and rejoices with him.

him. --- That a Believer talks and converses with God. --- That a dead Faith can no more cherish the Soul, than a dead Corpse can perform the Functions of Life. --- That where there is true Faith, there will be Obedience and the Fear of God. --- That he that lives by the Faith of the Son of God, eateth his Flesh, and drinketh his Blood. --- That *he that hath the Son, hath Life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not Life.* --- That many imagine themselves great Believers, who have little, or no true Faith at all: And many who deem themselves void of Faith, cleave to Christ by the Faith of the Operation of God. --- That Faith, like Gold, must be tried in the Fire, before it can be safely depended on. --- Lastly, that Christians are sealed by the Holy Ghost to the Day of Redemption: And to this Seal they trust their eternal Welfare, not to naked Knowledge, or speculative Notions, tho' ever so deep. They dread to dream they are rich, when they are blind and poor; to have a Name to live, and yet be dead; or be forced to fly for precarious Refuge to the conjectural Scheme of universal Salvation, with those who hope to be saved because they *think* there will be none lost.

For my own Part, I am a Sinner still; and tho' not much tempted to outward gross Acts of Iniquity, yet inward Corruptions and spiritual Wickedness continually harraßs and perplex me, as much, or more than ever. Nor have I the Comfort of seeing them, in any Degree, (at least, that I am certain of, or would depend on) either vanquish'd or removed;

moved; tho' I once hoped, with many others, that I should soon get rid of them. All I can do is to look to Jesus thro' them all; cling fast to his wounded Side; long to be clothed with his Righteousness; pray him to plead my Cause against these spiritual Enemies that rise up against me; and, tho' I feel myself leprous from Head to Foot, believe that I am clean thro' the Word which he hath spoken unto me. In short, I rejoice, not because the Spirits are subject to me (for, alas! I find they are often too strong for me to controul) but because my Name is written in Heaven.

I am daily more and more convinced, that the Promises of God to his People are absolute; and desire to build my Hopes on the free electing Love of God in Christ Jesus to my Soul, before the World began; which, I can experimentally and feelingly say, he hath delivered from *the lowest Hell*. He hath plucked me as a Brand out of the Fire. Tho' my Ways were dreadfully dangerous to the last Degree, his Eye was all along upon me for Good. He hath excited me to love much, by forgiving me much. He hath shewed me, and still daily shews me, the abominable Deceit, Lust, Enmity, and Pride of my Heart, and the inconceivable Depths of his Mercy; how far I was fallen, and how much it cost him of Sweat and Blood to bring me up. He hath proved himself stronger than I; and his Goodness superior to all my Unworthiness. He gives me to *know*, and to *feel* too, that without him I can do nothing. He tells me,
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(and he enables me to believe it) that I am all fair, and there is no Spot in me. Tho' an Enemy, he calls me his Friend; tho' a Traitor, his Child; tho' a beggar'd Prodigal, he cloaths me with *the best* Robe, and has put a Ring of endless Love and Mercy on my Hand. And tho' I am often sorely distressed by spiritual internal Foes, afflicted, tormented, and bowed down almost to Death, with the Sense of my own present Barrenness, Ingratitude, and Proneness to Evil; he secretly shews me his bleeding Wounds; and softly, but powerfully whispers to my Soul, " I " am thy great Salvation."

On his mere, naked, distinguishing Love I therefore depend alone, unsupported by any other Evidence, Sign, or Qualification, save only by the Spirit of Adoption received from him. He hath chosen me out from everlasting, in whom to make known the inexhaustible Riches of his free Grace and long-Suffering. Tho' I am a Stranger to others, and a Wonder to myself; yet I know *Him*, or rather am known of him. Tho' poor in myself, I am rich enough in Him. When my dry, empty, barren Soul is parched with Thirst, he kindly bids me come to him, and drink my Fill at the Fountain-head. In a Word, he empowers me to say, with experimental Evidence; *Where Sin abounded, Grace did much more abound.* Amen, and Amen,

The DEDICATION.

JESUS, JEHOVAH, Lord of Heav'n and Earth,
To whom I owe my *First*, and *Second* Birth;
Whose Hands first form'd me; and whose pre-
cious Blood

Redeem'd my Soul, and gives me Peace with
God;

My faithful Friend, my Father reconcil'd,
Accept an Off'ring from thy feeble Child.

Whose helpless Hand this Token mean and
small

Would fondly give to Thee, who gives him All,
Take both the Gift and Giver to thy Care:

May Both thy Bounty, and thy Love declare,
By Thee be Both directed to fulfil

The holy Counsels of thy HEAV'NLY WILL,

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H Y M N S, &c.

H Y M N I.

On the PASSION.

P A R T I.

1. **C**OME, all ye chosen Saints of God,
That long to feel the cleansing Blood,
In pensive Pleasure join with me,
To sing of sad *Gethsemane*.
2. *Gethsemane, the Olive-Press!*
(And why so call'd, let Christians guess)
Fit Name! fit Place! where Vengeance strove,
And grip'd and grappled hard with Love.
3. 'Twas here the Lord of Life appear'd,
And sigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd, and fear'd;
Bore all Incarnate God could bear,
With Strength enough—And none to spare.
4. The Pow'rs of Hell united press'd,
And squeez'd his Heart, and bruis'd his Breast.
What dreadful Conflicts rag'd within,
When Sweat and Blood forc'd thro' the Skin!
5. Dispatch'd from Heav'n an Angel stood,
Amaz'd to find him bath'd in Blood;
As if all Heav'n had rais'd a Doubt,
“Perhaps the Lord may scarce hold out.”

6. He stood to strengthen, not to fight :
Justice exacts it's utmost Mite.
This Victim Vengeance will pursue :
He undertook ; and must go through.
7. Three favour'd Servants, left not far,
Were bid to wait and watch the War :
But, Christ withdrawn, what Watch we keep!
To shun the Sight, they sunk in Sleep.
8. Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
As if he sought some Help from Man ;
Or wish'd, at least, they would condole
('Twas all they could) his tortur'd Soul.
9. Whate'er he sought for, there was none,
The Captain fought the Field alone ;
'Soon as the Chief to Battle led,
That Moment ev'ry Soldier fled.
10. Mysterious Conflict ! Dark Disguise !
Hid from all Creatures peering Eyes.
Angels astonish'd view'd the Scene ;
And wonder yet, what all could mean.
11. O Mount of Olives, sacred Grove !
O Garden, Scene of Tragic Love !
What bitter Herbs thy Beds produce !
How rank their Scent ! How harsh their Juice !
12. Rare Virtues now these Herbs contain :
The Saviour suck'd out all their Bane.
My Mouth with these if Conscience cram,
I'll eat them with the Paschal Lamb.
13. O Kedron, gloomy Brook, how foul
Thy black polluted Waters roll !

No Tongue can tell (but some can taste)
The Filth that into thee was cast.

14. In *Eden's* Garden there was Food
Of every Kind for Man, while good;
But, banish'd thence, we fly to thee,
O Garden of *Gethsemane*.

P A R T 2.

1. **A**ND why, dear Saviour, tell me why,
Thou thus would'st suffer, bleed, and die?
What mighty Motive could thee move?
The Motive's plain; 'twas all for Love.
2. For Love of whom? Of Sinners base,
A harden'd Herd, a Rebel-race;
That mock'd, and trampled on thy Blood,
And wanton'd with the Wounds of God.
3. When Rocks and Mountains rent with Dread,
And gaping Graves gave up their Dead.
When the fair Sun withdrew his Light,
And hid his Head, to shun the Sight.
4. Then stood the Wretch of human Race,
And rais'd his Head, and shew'd his Face,
Gaz'd unconcern'd, when Nature fail'd;
And scoff'd, and sneer'd, and curs'd, and rail'd.
5. Harder than Rocks and Mountains are,
More dull than Dirt and Earth by far,
Man view'd unmov'd thy Blood's rich Stream,
Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him.
6. Such was that Race of wicked Men,
That gain'd that great Salvation then.

Such, and such only, still we see.
Such they were all : And such are we.

7. The Jews with Thorns his Temples crown'd ;
And lash'd him, when his Hands were bound :
But Thorns, and knotted Whips, and Bands
By Us were furnish'd to their Hands.
 8. They nail'd him to th'accursed Tree.
They did, my Brethren : So did we.
The Soldier pierc'd his Side. 'Tis true :
But we have pierc'd him through and through.
 9. O Love of unexampled Kind !
That leaves all Thought so far behind :
Where Length, and Breadth, and Depth and
Height,
Are lost to my astonish'd Sight.
 10. For Love of Me the Son of God
Drain'd ev'ry Drop of vital Blood.
Long time I after Idols ran ;
But now my God's a martyr'd Man.
-

II.

Unsettledness.

1. **L**ORD what a Riddle is my Soul !
Alive when wounded, dead when whole.
Fondly I flee from Pain ; yet Ease
Cannot content, nor Pleasure please.
2. Thou hid'st thy Face ; my Sins abound,
World, Flesh, and Satan, all surround :
Fain

Fain would I find my God ; but fear,
The Means, perhaps, may prove severe.

3. If thou the least Displeasure shew,
And bring my Vileness to my View ;
Tim'rous and weak I shrink, and say,
" Lord, keep thy chast'ning Hand away."
 4. If reconcil'd I see thy Face,
Thy matchless Mercy, boundless Grace ;
Tortur'd with Bliss I cry, " Remove
" That killing Sight ; I die with Love."
 5. My dear Redeemer, purge this Dross.
Teach me to love and hug the Cross.
Teach me thy Chast'ning to sustain,
Discern the Love, and bear the Pain.
 6. Nor spare to make me clearly see
The Sorrows thou hast felt for Me.
If Death must follow, I comply :
Let me be sick with Love, and die.
-

III.

The doubting Christian.

1. **I**F Unbelief's that Sin accurst,
Abhorr'd by God above,
Because, of all Opposers worst,
It fights against his Love ;
2. How shall a Heart, that doubts like mine,
Dismay'd at ev'ry Breath,
Pretend to live the Life divine ;
Or fight the Fight of Faith ?

3. Conscience accuses from within,
And Others from without ;
I feel my Soul the Sink of Sin ;
And this produces Doubt.
 4. When thousand Sins of various Dyes,
Corruptions dark and foul,
Daily within my Bosom rise,
And blacken all my Soul ;
 5. I groan, and grieve, and cry, and call
On Jesus for Relief ;
But that delay'd, to Doubting fall,
Of all my Sins the chief.
 6. Such dire Disorders vex my Soul,
That Ill engenders Ill :
And when my Heart I see so foul,
I make it fouler still.
 7. In this Distress, the Course I take
Is, still to call and pray ;
And wait the Time, when Christ shall speak,
And drive my Foes away.
 8. For that blest Hour I sigh, and pant,
With Wishes warm and strong,
But, dearest Lord, lest these should faint,
Oh ! do not tarry long.
-

IV.

To the Holy Ghost.

1. **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let thy bright Beams arise,
Dispel the Darkneſs from our Minds ;
And open all our Eyes,

2. Hear

2. Chear our desponding Hearts,
 Thou heav'nly Paraclete ;
 Give us to lie, with humble Hope,
 At our Redeemer's Feet.
3. Revive our drooping Faith ;
 Our Doubts and Fears remove ;
 And kindle in our Breasts the Flames
 Of never-dying Love.
4. Convince us of our Sin ;
 Then lead to Jesu's Blood :
 And to our wond'ring View reveal
 The secret Wounds of God.
5. Shew us that loving Man,
 That rules the Courts of Bliss,
 The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,
 Th' eternal Prince of Peace.
6. 'Tis thine to cleanse the Heart,
 To sanctify the Soul,
 To pour fresh Life on ev'ry Part,
 And new-create the Whole.
7. If thou, celestial Dove,
 Thine Influence withdraw,
 What easy Victims soon we fall
 To Conscience, Wrath, and Law !
8. No longer burns our Love ;
 Our Faith and Patience fail ;
 Our Sin revives ; and Death and Hell
 Our feeble Souls assail.
9. Dwell therefore in our Hearts ;
 Our Minds from Bondage free,
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

V.

Another.

1. **B**LEST Spirit of Truth, eternal God,
Thou meek and lowly Dove,
Who fill'st the Soul, through Jesu's Blood,
With Faith, and Hope, and Love.
2. Who comfortest the heavy Heart
By Sin and Sorrow prest;
Who to the Dead can'st Life impart,
And to the Weary, Rest.
3. Thy sweet Communion charms the Soul;
And gives true Peace and Joy,
Which Satan's Pow'r cannot controul,
Nor all his Wiles destroy.
4. Come from the blissful Realms above;
Our longing Breasts inspire
With thy soft Flames of heav'nly Love;
And fan the sacred Fire.
5. Let no false Comfort lift us up
To Confidence that's vain:
Nor let their Faith and Courage droop,
For whom the Lamb was slain.
6. Breathe Comfort, where Distress abounds.
Make the whole Conscience clean.
And heal, with Balm from Jesu's Wounds,
The fest'ring Sores of Sin.
7. Vanquish our Lusts; our Pride remove;
Take out the Heart of Stone.
Shew us the Father's boundless Love,
And Merits of the Son.

8. The

8. The Father sent the Son to die ;
 The willing Son obey'd ;
 The Witness thou, to ratify
 The Purchase Christ has made.
-

VI.

Another.

1. **D**Escend from Heav'n, celestial Dove ;
 With Flames of pure Seraphic Love
 Our ravish'd Breasts inspire.
 Fountain of Joy, blest Paraclete,
 Warm our cold Hearts with heav'nly Heat,
 And set our Souls on Fire.
2. Breathe on these Bones so dry and dead,
 Thy sweetest softest Influence shed
 In all our Hearts abroad.
 Point out the Place, where Grace abounds :
 Direct us to the bleeding Wounds
 Of our incarnate God.
3. Conduct, blest Guide, thy Sinner-Train
 To *Calv'ry*, where the Lamb was slain ;
 And with us there abide.
 Let us our lov'd Redeemer meet,
 Weep o'er his pierced Hands and Feet,
 And view his wounded Side.
4. From which pure Fountain if thou draw
 Water to quench the fiery Law,
 And Blood to wash our Sin ;
 We'll tell the Father, in that Day,
 (And thou shalt witness what we say)
 " We're clean, just God, we're clean."
5. Teach

5. Teach us for what to pray ; and how :
 And since, kind God, 'tis only thou
 The Throne of Grace can move,
 Pray thou for Us ; that we through Faith
 May feel th' Effects of Jesu's Death,
 Through Faith that works by Love,
6. Thou with the Father and the Son
 Art that mysterious Three-in-One,
 God blest for evermore :
 Whom though we cannot comprehend,
 Feeling thou art the Sinner's Friend,
 We love thee, and adore.
-

VII.

Christ very God and Man.

A Man there is, a real Man,
 With Wounds still gaping wide,
 (From which, rich Streams of Blood once ran)
 In Hands, and Feet, and Side.

2. ('Tis no wild Fancy of our Brains,
 No Metaphor we speak :
 The same dear Man in Heav'n now reigns,
 That suffer'd for our Sake.)
3. This wond'rous Man of whom we tell,
 Is true Almighty God.
 He bought our Souls from Death and Hell ;
 The Price his own Heart's Blood.
4. That human Heart he still retains,
 Though thron'd in highest Bliss ;
 And feels each tempted Member's Pains :
 For our Affliction's his.

5. Come

5. Come then, repenting Sinner, come;
Approach with humble Faith:
Owe what thou wilt, the total Sum
Is cancell'd by his Death.
 6. His Blood can cleanse the blackest Soul;
And wash our Guilt away.
He shall present us sound and whole
In that tremendous Day.
-

VIII.

Salvation by Christ alone.

1. **H**OW can ye hope, deluded Souls,
To see, what none e'er saw,
Salvation by the Works obtain'd
Of Sinai's fiery Law?
2. There ye may toil, and weep, and fast;
And vex your Hearts with Pain;
And when ye've ended, find at last
That all your Toil was vain.
3. That Law but makes your Guilt abound,
Sad Help! and (what is worst)
All Souls, that under that are found,
By God himself are curst.
4. This Curse pertains to those who break
One Precept, e'er so small.
And where's the Man, in Thought or Deed
That has not broken all?
5. Fly then, awaken'd Sinners, fly;
Your Case admits no Stay;
The Fountain's open'd now for Sin,
Come, wash your Guilt away.

6. See

6. See how from Jesu's wounded Side
The Water flows, and Blood !
If you but touch that purple Tide,
You make your Peace with God.
7. Only by Faith in Jesu's Wounds
The Sinner gets Release :
No other Sacrifice for Sin
Will God accept but this.
-

IX.

Of Sanctification.

1. **T**HE Holy Ghost in Scripture saith,
Expressly in one Part,
(Speaking by Peter's Mouth) * " By Faith
" God purifies the Heart."
2. Now what in holy Writ he says,
In Part, or through the Whole,
The self-same Truths, by various Ways,
He teaches in the Soul.
3. Experience likewise tells us this ;
Before the Saviour's Blood
Has wash'd us clean, and made our Peace,
We can do nothing good.
4. But here, my Friends, the Danger lies ;
Errors of diff'rent Kind
Will still creep in ; which Dev'ls devise
To cheat the human Mind.

5. " I

* Acts xv. 9.

5. " I want no Work within, (says one)
 " 'Tis all in Christ the Head."
 Thus careless he goes blindly on,
 And trusts a Faith that's dead.
6. " 'Tis dangerous (another cries)
 " To trust to Faith alone :
 " Christ's Righteousness will not suffice,
 " Except I add my own."
7. Thus he, that he may something do
 To shun th'impending Curse,
 Upon the old will patch the new,
 And makes the Rent still worse.
8. Others affirm the Spir't of God,
 To true Believers giv'n,
 Makes all their Thoughts and Acts so good,
 They're always fit for Heav'n.
9. The Babe of Christ, at hearing this,
 Is fill'd with anxious Fear ;
 Conscience condemns, Corruptions rise,
 And drive him near Despair.
10. These Trials Weaklings suffer here,
 Censure and Scorn without ;
 And from within (what's worse to bear)
 Despondency and Doubt.
11. But, gracious God, who once didst feel
 What Weakness is, and Fears ;
 Who got'st thy Vict'ry over Hell
 With Groans, and Cries, and Tears ;
12. Do thou direct our feeble Hearts
 To trust thee for the *Whole*.
 The Work of Grace, in all it's Parts,
 Accomplish in the Soul.

13. Thy holy Spir't into us breathe.
 A perfect Saviour prove.
 Lord, give us Faith; and let that Faith
 Work all thy Will by Love.
-

X.

The enlightened Sinner.

1. **M**Y God, when I reflect,
 How all my Life-time past
 I ran the Roads of Sin and Death
 With rash impetuous Haste ;
2. My Foolishness I hate,
 My Filthiness I loath ;
 And view, with sharp Remorse and Shame,
 My Filth and Folly both.
3. With some the Tempter takes
 Much Pains to make them mad ;
 But me he found, and always held,
 The easiest Fool he had.
4. His deep and dang'rous Lies
 So grossly I believ'd,
 He was not readier to deceive,
 Than I to be deceiv'd.
5. His light aerial Dreams
 I took for solid Good ;
 And thought his base adult'rate Coin
 The Riches of thy Blood.
6. And dost thou still regard,
 And cast a gracious Eye
 On one so foul, so base, so blind,
 So dead, so lost, as I ?

7. Then Sinners black as Hell
May hence for Hope have Ground.
For who of Mercy needs despair,
Since I have Mercy found?
-

XI.

Jesus our All.

1. **J**ESUS is the chiefest Good,
He has sav'd us by his Blood.
Let us value nought but him ;
Nothing else deserves Esteem.
2. Jesus, when stern Justice said,
" Man his Life has forfeited,
" Vengeance follows by Decree,"
Cried, " Infiict it all on Me."
3. Jesus gives us Life and Peace,
Faith, and Love, and Holiness ;
Ev'ry Blessing, great or small,
Jesus for us purchas'd all.
4. Jesus therefore let us own.
Jesus we'll exalt alone.
Jesus has our Sins forgiv'n.
Jesus' Blood has bought us Heav'n.
-

XII.

Christ's Nativity.

1. **C**OME, ye Redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful Tribute bring ;
And celebrate with one Accord
The Birth-Day of our King.

2. Let us with humble Hearts repair
(Faith will point out the Road)
To little Bethlehem ; and there
Adore our Infant-God.
 3. In swadling Bands the Saviour view !
Let none this Weakness scorn.
The feeblest Heart shall Hell subdue,
Where Jesus Christ is born.
 4. No Pomp adorns, no Sweets perfume
The Place where Christ is laid.
A Stable serves him for his Room ;
A Manger is his Bed.
 5. The crouded Inn, like Sinners Hearts,
(O Ignorance extreme !)
For other Guests of various Sorts
Had Room ; but none for him.
 6. But see what diff'rent Thoughts arise
In ours and Angels Breasts !
To hail his Birth *They* left the Skies ;
We lodg'd him with the Beasts.
 7. Yet let Believers cease their Fears,
Nor envy heav'nly Pow'rs :
If sinless Innocence be *theirs*,
Redemption all is *ours*.
-

XIII.

Another.

1. **H**OW blest is this Season,
At which we appear !
Bow down, Sense and Reason ;
Faith only reign here.

'Tis heard by mere Nature
With Coldness or Scorn,
That God our Creator
An Infant was born.

2. Lost Souls to recover,
And form them afresh,
Our wonderful Lover
Took Flesh of our Flesh :
Then let each dull Dreamer
Awake to this Morn,
And hail the Redeemer
At Bethlehem born.

3. Ye Drunkards, ye Swearers,
Ye Muckworms of Earth,
Repent, and be Sharers
In this blessed Birth.
From Sin to release us,
That Yoke so long worn,
The holy Child Jesus
Of Mary was born.

4. Opposers, Transgressors,
Of ev'ry Degree,
And formal Professors,
The worst of the Three,
With Tears of Contrition
Your Foolishness mourn ;
To give you Remission
Immanuel's born.

5. Ye vilest of Creatures
Backsliders so base,
Bold Rebels, and Traitors,
Abusers of Grace,

Come cease your Backslidings,
 And once more return:
 Receive the glad Tidings,
 A Saviour is born.

6. Poor Sinners dejected,
 Of Comfort debar'd,
 Whose Hearts are afflicted
 Because they're so hard,
 Despairing of Favour,
 Cold, lifeless, forlorn!
 Remember, the Saviour
 In *Winter* was born.
7. And ye that sincerely
 Confide in the Lamb,
 (He loves you most dearly)
 Rejoice in his Name.
 No more the Believer
 From God shall be torn;
 To hold him for ever
 An Infant is born.
-

XIV.

Another.

1. **L**ET us all with grateful Praises
 Celebrate the happy Day,
 When the lovely loving Jesus
 First partook of human Clay:
 When the heav'nly Host assembled,
 Gaz'd with Wonder from the Sky;
 Angels joy'd, and Devils trembled,
 Neither fully knowing why.

2. Long

2. Long had Satan reign'd imperious ;
 'Till the Woman's promis'd Seed,
 Born a Babe by Birth mysterious,
 Came to bruise the Serpent's Head.
 Crush, dear Babe, his Pow'r within us.
 Break our Chains, and set us free.
 Pull down all the Bars between us,
 'Till we fly, and cleave to thee.
3. Shepherds on their Flocks attending,
 Shepherds that in Night-time watch'd,
 Saw the Messenger descending
 From the Court of Heav'n dispatch'd.
 Beams of Glory deck'd his Mission,
 Bursting through the Veil of Night.
 Fear possess'd them at the Vision :
 Sinners tremble at the Light.
4. Dove-like Meekness grac'd his Visage ;
 Joy and Love shone round his Head.
 Soon he cheer'd them with his Message :
 Comfort flow'd from all he said.
 " Fear not, Fav'rites of th' Almighty,
 " Joyful News to you I bring.
 " You have now, in David's City,
 " Born, a Saviour, Christ the King.
5. " Go and find the Royal Stranger
 " By these Signs. A Babe you'll see,
 " Weak, and lying in a Manger,
 " Wrapt and swaddled ; that is He."
 Strait a Host of Angels glorious
 Round the heav'nly Herald throng,
 Uttering, in harmonious Chorus,
 Airs divine ; and this the Song.
6. " Glory first to God be given
 " In the highest Heights ; and then
 " Peace

“ Peace on Earth, proclaim’d by Heaven,
 “ Peace, and great good Will to Men.”
 Thus they sang with Rapture kindling
 In the Shepherds Hearts a Flame,
 Joy and Wonder sweetly mingling:
 All Believers feel the same.

7. Lo, sweet Babe, we fall before thee.
 Jesus, thee we all adore.
 To thee, Kingdom, Pow’r, and Glory,
 We ascribe for evermore.
*Glory to our God be given
 In the highest Heights; and then
 Peace on Earth brought down from Heaven,
 Peace, and great good Will to Men.*
-

XV. Tribulation.

1. **T**HE Souls that would to Jesus press,
 Must fix this firm and sure;
 That Tribulation, more or less,
 They must and shall endure.
2. From this there can be none exempt;
 ’Tis God’s own wise Decree.
 Satan the weakest Saint will tempt;
 Nor is the strongest free.
3. The World opposes from without;
 And Unbelief within.
 We fear; we faint; we grieve; we doubt;
 And feel the Load of Sin.
4. Glad Frames too often lift us up;
 And then how proud we grow!

’Till

'Till sad Desertion makes us droop;
And down we sink as low.

5. Ten thousand Baits the Foe prepares
To catch the wand'ring Heart;
And seldom do we see the Snares,
Before we feel the Smart.
 6. But let not all this terrify.
Pursue the narrow Path;
Look to the Lord with stedfast Eye;
And fight with Hell by Faith.
 7. Though we are feeble; Christ is strong:
His Promises are true.
We shall be Conqu'rors all, e're long;
And more than Conqu'rors too.
-

XVI.

New-Year's Day.

1. **O**NCE more the constant Sun,
Revolving round his Sphere,
His steady Course has run;
And brings another Year.
He rises, sets,
But goes not back;
Nor ever quits
His destin'd Track.
2. Hence let Believers learn
To keep a forward Pace.
Be this our main Concern
To finish well our Race.
Backslidings shun;
With Patience press
Towards

Towards the Sun
Of Righteousness.

3. What now shall be our Task?
Or rather, what our Pray'r?
What good Thing shall we ask,
To prosper this New-Year?
With one Accord
Our Hearts we'll lift;
And ask our Lord
Some New-Year's Gift.
4. No trifling Gift or small
Should Friends of Christ desire.
Rich Lord, bestow on all
Pure Gold, well tried by Fire;
Faith that stands fast,
When Devils roar;
And Love that lasts
For evermore.
-

XVII.

Christ the Believer's All.

1. **L**AMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy Cross.
That alone be all our Glory;
All Things else are Dung and Dross.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour;
Only Source of all that's good.
Ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Favour
Come to us through Jesu's Blood.
2. Jesus gives us true Repentance
By his Spirit sent from Heav'n.

Jesus

Jesus whispers this sweet Sentence,
 " Son, thy Sins are all forgiv'n."
 Faith he gives us to believe it ;
 Grateful Hearts his Love to prize.
 Want we Wisdom ? He must give it ;
 Hearing Ears, and seeing Eyes.

3. Jesus gives us pure Affections ;
 Wills to do what he requires ;
 Makes us follow his Directions ;
 And what he commands, inspires.
 All our Pray'rs, and all our Praises
 Rightly offer'd in his Name,
 He that dictates them, is Jesus ;
 He that answers, is the same.
4. When we live on Jesu's Merit,
 Then we worship God aright.
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit
 Then we savingly unite.
 Hear the whole Conclusion of it.
 Great or good whate'er we call,
 God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
 Jesus Christ is All in All.

XVIII.

*Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me
 clean. Mat. viii. 2.*

1. **O**H! the Pangs by Christians felt,
 When their Eyes are open ;
 When they see the Gulphs of Guilt
 They must wade and grope in ;
 When the Hell appears within
 Causing bitter Anguish ;

And

And the loathsome Stench of Sin
Makes the Spirits languish.

2. Now the Heart disclos'd betrays
All it's hid Disorders ;
Enmity to God's right Ways,
Blasphemies and Murders,
Malice, Envy, Lust, and Pride,
Thoughts obscene and filthy ;
Sores corrupt and putrified ;
No Part sound or healthy.
3. All Things to promote our Fall
Shew a mighty Fitness.
Satan will accuse withal ;
And the Conscience witness.
Foes within, and Foes without,
Wrath, and Law, and Terrors,
Rash Presumption, timid Doubt,
Coldness, Deadness, Errors !
4. Brethren, in a State so sad,
When Temptations seize us,
When our Hearts we feel thus bad,
Let us look to Jesus.
He that hung upon the Cross
For his People bleeding,
Now in Heaven sits for us
Always interceding.
5. Vengeance, when the Saviour died,
Quitted the Believer.
Justice cried, " I'm satisfied
" Now henceforth for ever."
It is finish'd, said the Lord,
In his dying Minute :

Holy

Holy Ghost, repeat that Word;
Full Salvation's in it.

6. Leprous Soul, press through the Croud,
In thy foul Condition;
Struggle hard, and call aloud
On the great Physician.
Wait till thy Disease he cleanse,
Begging, trusting, cleaving;
When, and where, and by what Means,
To his Wisdom leaving.
-

XIX.

Hilberto bath the Lord helped us.
1 Sam. vii. 12,

1. **T**H O' strait be the Way,
With Dangers beset;
And we through Delay
Are no farther yet;
Our good Guide and Saviour
Hath helped thus far:
And 'tis by his Favour
We are what we are.
2. A Favour so great
We highly should prize;
Not murmur, nor fret,
Nor small Things despise?
But what call we small Things?
Sin's whole cancell'd Sum?
'Tis greater than all Things—
Except those to come.
3. My Brethren, reflect
On what we have been;

D

How

How God had Respect
 To us under Sin.
 When lower and lower
 We ev'ry Day fell,
 He stretch'd forth his Power,
 And snatch'd us from Hell.

4. Then let us rejoice,
 And chearfully sing,
 With Heart and with Voice,
 To Jesus our King;
 Who thus far has brought us
 From Evil to Good;
 The Ransom that bought us
 No less than his Blood.

5. For Blessings like these
 So bounteously giv'n,
 For Prospects of Peace,
 And Fore-tastes of Heav'n,
 'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant
 To sing and adore;
 Be thankful for present,
 And then ask for more.

XX.

Blessed is the Man that endureth Temptation. Jam. i. 12.

1. **A**ND must it, Lord, be so?
 And must thy Children bear
 Such various Kinds of Woe,
 Such Soul-perplexing Fear?
 Are these the Blessings we expect?
 Is this the Lot of God's Elect?

2. Daily we groan and mourn
Beneath the Weight of Sin.
We pray to be new-born,
But know not what we mean:
We think it something very great,
Something that's undiscover'd yet.
3. Boast not, ye Sons of Earth,
Nor look with scornful Eyes:
Above your highest Mirth
Our saddest Hours we prize.
For though our Cup seems fill'd with Gall,
There's something secret sweetens all.
4. How harsh soe'er the Way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on;
Nor leave us, 'till we say,
"Father, thy Will be done."
At most we do but taste the Cup;
For thou alone hast drunk it up.
5. Shall guilty Man complain?
Shall sinful Dust repine?
And what is all our Pain,
How light compar'd with thine?
Finish, dear Lord, what is begun.
Chuse thou the Way; but still lead on.

XXI.

The Wonders of redeeming Love.

1. **H**OW wond'rous are the Works of God,
Display'd thro' all the World abroad!
Immensely great! Immensely small!
Yet one strange Work exceeds them all.

2. He form'd the Sun, fair Fount of Light;
The Moon and Stars to rule the Night:
But Night, and Stars, and Moon, and Sun,
Are little Works compar'd with one.
3. He roll'd the Seas, and spread the Skies;
Made Vallies sink, and Mountains rise;
The Meadows cloth'd with native Green;
And bid the Rivers glide between.
4. But what are Seas, or Skies, or Hills,
Or verdant Vales, or gliding Rills,
To Wonders Man was born to prove?
The Wonders of redeeming Love!
5. 'Tis far beyond what Words express,
What Saints can feel, or Angels guess:
Angels, that hymn the great I A M,
Fall down, and veil before the Lamb.
6. The highest Heav'ns are short of this.
'Tis deeper than the vast Abyss.
'Tis more than Thought can e'er conceive,
Or Hope expect, or Faith believe.
7. Almighty God sigh'd human Breath.
The Lord of Life experienc'd Death.
How it was done, we can't discuss;
But this we know; 'twas done for us.
8. Blest with this Faith then let us raise
Our Hearts in Love, our Voice in Praise.
All Things to us must work for Good,
For whom the Lord hath shed his Blood.
9. Trials may press of ev'ry Sort;
They may be sore; they must be short.

We now *believe*, but soon shall *view*,
The greatest Glories God can shew.

XXII.

Whom resist, stedfast in the Faith.

1 Pet. v. 9.

1. **I**N all our worst Afflictions,
When furious Foes surround us;
When Troubles vex,
And Fears perplex,
And Satan would confound us;
When Foes to God and Goodness
We find ourselves, by feeling,
To do what's right,
Unable quite,
And almost as unwilling ;

2. When, like the restless Ocean,
Our Hearts cast up Uncleaness,
Flood after Flood,
With Mire and Mud ;
And all is foul within us ;
When Love is cold and languid,
And diff'rent Passions shake us ;
When Hope decays ;
And God delays,
And seems to quite forsake us ;

3. Then to maintain the Battle
With soldier-like Behaviour,
To keep the Field,
And never yield,
But firmly eye the Saviour ;
To trust his gracious Promise,

Thus hard beset with Evil,
 This, this is Faith
 Will conquer Death,
 And overcome the Devil,

XXIII.

Cleaving to Christ.

1. **B**rethren, let us praise our Lord ;
 Exalt his blessed Name :
 Let us hear, and keep, his Word ;
 His Glory be our Aim.
 Let us resolutely strive
 To work God's Work, with full Intent.
 And what is it ? To believe
 On him whom he hath sent.
2. Faith, implanted from above,
 Will prove a fertile Root ;
 Whence will spring a Tree of Love
 Producing precious Fruit.
 Though bleak Winds the Boughs deface,
 The rooted Stock shall still remain :
 Leaves may languish, Fruit decrease ;
 But more shall grow again.
3. Happy Souls ! who cleave to Christ,
 By pure and living Faith,
 Finding him their King and Priest,
 Their God, and Guide till Death.
 God's own Foe may plague his Sons ;
 Sin may distress, but not subdue.
 Christ, who conquer'd for us once,
 Will in us conquer too.

XXIV.

A Dialogue between a Believer and his Soul.

1. *Bel.* **C**OME, my Soul, and let us try,
 For a little Season,
 Ev'ry Burden to lay by :
 Come, and let us reason,
 What is this that casts thee down ?
 Who are those that grieve thee ?
 Speak, and let the worst be known :
 Speaking may relieve thee.

2. *Soul.* *Oh ! I sink beneath the Load
 Of my Nature's Evil ;
 Full of Enmity to God ;
 Captiv'd by the Devil ;
 Restless as the troubled Seas ;
 Feeble, faint, and fearful ;
 Plagu'd with ev'ry sore Disease.
 How can I be chearful ?*

3. *Bel.* Think on what thy Saviour bore
 In the gloomy Garden,
 Sweating Blood at ev'ry Pore,
 To procure thy Pardon,
 See him stretch'd upon the Wood,
 Bleeding, grieving, crying ;
 Suff'ring all the Wrath of God ;
 Groaning, gasping, dying !

4. *Soul.* *This by Faith I sometimes view ;
 And those Views relieve me :
 But my Sins return anew ;
 These are they that grieve me.*

Oh !

*Oh ! I'm leprous, stinking, foul,
Quite throughout infected.
Have not I, if any Soul,
Cause to be dejected ?*

5. *Bel.* Think how loud thy dying Lord
Cried out, "*It is finish'd.*"
Treasure up that sacred Word
Whole and undiminis'h'd.
Doubt not ; he will carry on,
To it's full Perfection,
That good Work he has begun.
Why then this Dejection ?

6. *Soul.* *Faith, when void of Works, is dead :*
This the Scriptures witness.
And what Works have I to plead,
Who am all Unfitness ?
All my Powers are deprav'd,
Blind, perverse, and filthy.
If from Death I'm fully sav'd,
Why am I not healthy ?

7. *Bel.* Pore not on thyself too long,
Lest it sink thee lower.
Look to Jesus kind as strong,
Mercy join'd with Power.
Ev'ry Work that thou must do
Will thy gracious Saviour
For thee Work, and in thee too,
Of his special Favour.

8. *Soul.* *Jesu's precious Blood, once spilt,*
I depend on solely,
To-release and clear my Guilt :
But I would be holy.

Bel. He that bought thee on the Cross
Can controul thy Nature,
Fully purge away thy Dross,
Make thee a new Creature.

9. *Soul.* *That he can I nothing doubt,*
Be it but his Pleasure.

Bel. Though it be not done throughout,
May it not in Measure?

Soul. *When that Measure, far from great,*
Still shall seem decreasing—

Bel. Faint not then; but pray and wait,
Never never ceasing.

10. *Soul.* *What when Pray'r meets no Regard?*

Bel. Still repeat it often.

Soul. *But I feel myself so hard—*

Bel. Jesus will thee soften.

Soul. *But my Enemies make Head.*

Bel. Let them closer drive thee.

Soul. *But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead.*

Bel. Jesus will revive thee.

XXV.

Christ the Believer's Surety.

1. **W**HAT slavish Fears molest my Mind,
And vex my sickly Soul?

How is it, Lord, that thou art kind;
And yet I am not whole?

2. Ah! why should Unbelief and Pride,
With all their hellish Train,
Still in my ransom'd Soul abide,
And give me all this Pain?

3. Thy

3. Thy Word is past; thy Promise made :
With Pow'r it came from Heav'n.
"Chear up, desponding Soul (it said)
"Thy Sins are all forgiv'n.
4. "Behold, I make thy Cause my own :
"I bought thee with my Blood.
"Thy *wicked* Works on me be thrown,
"And I will work thy *good*.
5. "I am thy God, thy Guide 'till Death,
"Thine everlasting Friend :
"On me for Love, for Works, for Faith,
"On me for all depend."
6. Thy Blood, dear Lord, has bought my Peace,
And paid the heavy Debt ;
Has giv'n a fair and full Release ;
But I'm in Prison yet.
7. Unjustly now these Foes of mine
Their dev'lish Hate pursue :
They made my Surety pay the Fine ;
Yet plague the Pris'ner too.
8. What Right can my Tormentors plead,
That I should not be free ?
Here's an amazing Change indeed !
Justice is now for *me*.
9. Lord, break these Bars, that thus confine,
These Chains that gall me so.
Say to that ugly Goaler, Sin,
"Loose him, and let him go."

XXVI.

The narrow Way.

PART I.

1. **W**IDE is the Gate of Death ;
The Way is large and broad :
And many enter in thereat,
And walk that beaten Road.
2. Because the Gate of Life
Is narrow, low, and small ;
The Path so prest, so close, so strait,
There seems no Path at all.
3. This Way, that's found by few,
Ten thousand Snares beset,
To turn the Seeker's Steps aside,
And trap the Trav'ler's Feet.
4. Before we've journey'd far,
Two dang'rous Gulphs are fixt,
Dead Sloth, and Pharisaic Pride,
Scarce a Hair's Breadth betwixt.
5. False Lights delude the Eyes,
And lead the Steps astray :
That Trav'ler treads the surest here,
That seldom sees his Way.
6. Guides cry, lo here ! lo there !
On this, on that Side keep.
Some over-drive ; some frighten back ;
And others lull to sleep.
7. On the left Hand, and right,
Close cragged Rocks are seen,

Distrust

Distrust, and self-wrought Confidence :
 'Tis hard to squeeze between.

8. Sometimes we seem to gain
 Great Lengths of Ground by Day,
 But find, alas ! when Night comes on,
 We quite mistook the Way.
9. Sometimes we have no Strength ;
 Sometimes we want the Will ;
 And sometimes, lest we might go wrong,
 We chuse to stand quite still.
10. Again, through heedless Haste,
 We catch some dang'rous Fall.
 Then fearing we may move too fast,
 We hardly move at all.
11. Deep Quagmires choak the Way,
 Corruptions foul and thick !
 Whose Stench infects the Air, and makes
 The strongest Trav'ler sick.
12. Through these we long must wade ;
 And oft stick fast in Mire.
 Now Heat consumes ; now Frost benumbs
 As dang'rous as the Fire.
13. Spectres of various Forms
 Allure, enchant, affright.
 Presumption tempts us ev'ry Day ;
 Despair assaults by Night.
14. Companions if we find,
 Alas ! how soon they're gone !
 For 'tis decreed that most must pass
 The darkest Paths alone.

15. Dis-

15. Distrest on ev'ry side
 With Evils felt or fear'd,
 We pray, we cry ; but cannot find
 That Pray'rs or Cries are heard.
16. Thickets of Bri'rs and Thorns
 Our feeble Feet enclose ;
 And ev'ry Step we take betrays
 New Dangers, and new Foes.
17. When all these Foes are quell'd,
 And ev'ry Danger past ;
 That ghastly Phantom Death remains
 To combat with at last.

P A R T 2.

1. **I**F this be, Lord, thy Way ;
 Then who can hope to gain
 That Prize, such Numbers never seek,
 Such Numbers seek in vain ?
2. 'Tis thine Almighty Grace,
 That can suffice alone.
 Thou giv'st us Strength to run the Race,
 And then bestow'st the Crown.
3. Chear up, ye trav'ling Souls,
 On Jesu's Aid rely :
 He sees us, when we see not him ;
 And always hears our Cry.
4. Without Cessation pray.
 Your Pray'rs will not prove vain :
 Our *Joseph* turns aside to weep,
 But cannot long refrain.

5. Sudden he stands confest :
We look, and all is Light ;
The Foe, confounded, swift as Thought
Sneaks off, and skulks from Sight.
6. His Presence clears the foul,
And smooths the rugged Way.
He often makes the crooked straight ;
And turns the Night to Day.
7. We then move chearful on.
The Ground feels firm and good.
And lest we should mistake the Way,
He lines it out with Blood.
8. Again we cannot see
His helping Hand ; but feel :
And tho' we neither feel nor see,
His Hand sustains us still.
9. He gently leads us on ;
Protects from fatal Harms ;
And when we faint, and cannot walk,
He bears us in his Arms.
10. He guides and moves our Steps :
For though we seem to move,
His Spirit all the Motion gives
By Springs of Fear and Love.
11. The Meek with Love he draws ;
Restrains the Rash by Fear ;
Searches and finds the Wand'ring out,
And brings the Distant near.
12. When for a time we stop,
Perplex'd, and at a Loss,
He like a Beacon on a Hill
Erects his bloody Cross.

13. Forward again we press ;
And while that Mark's in View,
Though Hosts of Foes beset the Way,
We boldly venture through.
14. When all these Foes are quell'd,
And every Danger past ;
Though Death remains, he but remains
To be subdu'd the last.
-

XXVII.

The Author's own Confession.

1. **C**OME hither, ye that fear the Lord,
Disciples of God's suff'ring Son,
Let me relate, and you record,
What He for my poor Soul has done.
2. The Way of Truth I quickly mis'd ;
And further stray'd, and further still :
Expected to be sav'd by Christ ;
But to be holy had no Will.
3. The Road of Death with rash Career
I ran ; and gloried in my Shame :
Abus'd his Grace ; despis'd his Fear ;
And others taught to do the same.
4. Far, far from Home on Husks I fed,
Pust up with each fantastic Whim.
With Swine a beastly Life I led :
And serv'd God's Foe instead of Him.
5. A forward Fool, a willing Drudge,
I acted for the Prince of Hell :

Did all he bid without a Grudge ;
And boasted, I could sin so well.

6. Bold Blasphemies employ'd my Tongue.
I heeded not my Heart unclean ;
Lost all Regard of Right or Wrong,
In Thought, in Word, in Act, obscene.

7. My Body was with Lust defil'd.
My Soul I pamper'd up in Pride :
Could sit and hear the Lord revil'd,
The Saviour of Mankind denied.

8. I strove to make my ~~Flesh~~ decay
With foul Disease, and wasting Pain.
I strove to fling my Life away,
And damn my Soul—but strove in vain.

9. The Lord, from whom I long backslid,
First check'd me with some gentle Stings :
Turn'd on me, look'd, and softly chid ;
And bid me hope for greater Things.

10. Soon to his Bar he made me come.
Arraign'd, convicted, cast, I stood
Expecting from his Mouth the Doom
Of those, who trample on his Blood.

11. Pangs of Remorse my Conscience tore.
Hell open'd hideous to my View,
And what I only heard before,
I found by sad Experience true.

12. Oh ! what a dismal State was this !
What Horrors shook my feeble Frame !
But, Brethren, surely you can guess :
For you, perhaps, have felt the same.

13. But

13. But O the Goodness of our God !
 What Pity melts his tender Heart !
 He saw me wett'ring in my Blood ;
 And came and eas'd me of my Smart.
14. While I was yet a great way off,
 He ran, and on my Neck he fell,
 My short Distress he judg'd enough ;
 And snatch'd me from the Brink of Hell.
15. What an amazing Change was here !
 I look'd for Hell ; he brought me Heav'n.
 Cheer up, said he, dismiss thy Fear ;
 Cheer up ; thy Sins are all forgiv'n.
16. I would object ; but faster much
 He answered Peace. What me?—*Yes, thee.*
 But my enormous Crimes are such—
I give thee Pardon full and free.
17. But for the future, Lord---*I am*
Thy great Salvation, perfect, whole.
Behold, thy bad Works shall not damn,
Nor can thy good Works save thy Soul.
18. *Renounce them both. Myself alone*
Will for thee work, and in thee too.
Henceforth I make the Cause my own ;
And undertake to bring thee through.
19. He said. I took the full Release.
 The Lord had sign'd it with his Blood.
 My Horrors fled ; and perfect Peace
 And Joy unspeakable ensu'd.
20. I only begg'd one humble Boon ;
 (Nor did the Lord offended seem)

Some Service might by me be done
To Souls that truly trust in him.

21. Thus I, who lately had been cast,
And fear'd a just but heavy Doom,
Receiv'd a Pardon for the past,
A Promise for the Time to come.
22. This Promise oft I call to Mind,
As through some painful Paths I go ;
And secret Consolation find,
And Strength to fight with ev'ry Foe.
23. And oftimes, when the Tempter fly
Affirms it fancied, forg'd, or vain,
Jesus appears ; disproves the Lie ;
And kindly makes it o'er again.

XXVIII.

Corruptions.

1. **T**HE Lord assur'd the chosen Race,
From *Egypt's* Bondage brought,
They should obtain the promis'd Place
And find the Rest they fought.
2. Strong Nations now possess the Land ;
Yet yield not thou to Doubt ;
With Arm out-stretch'd, and mighty Hand,
Thy God shall drive them out.
3. Not all at once ; for fear thou find
The rav'nous Beasts of Prey
Rising upon thee from behind
As dang'rous Foes as they.

4. By little and by little, he
Will chace them from thy Sight.
Believers are not call'd, we see,
To sleep or play, but fight.
5. Spiritual Pride, that rampant Beast,
Would rear its haughty Head.
True *Faith* would soon be dispossest,
And *Careless* succeed.
6. Corruptions make the Mourners shun
Presumption's dang'rous Snare;
Force us to trust to Christ alone,
And fly to God by Pray'r.
7. By them we feel how low we're lost;
And learn, in some Degree,
How dear that great Salvation cost,
Which comes to us so free.
8. If such a Weight to every Soul
Of Sin and Sorrow fall;
What Love was that which took the whole,
And freely bore it all!
9. O when will God our Joy complete,
And make an End of Sin!
When shall we walk the Land, and meet
No *Canaanite* therein?
10. Will this precede the Day of Death?
Or must we wait till then?—
Ye struggling Souls, be strong in Faith,
And quit yourselves like Men.
11. Our dear Deliv'rer's Love is such,
He cannot long delay.

Mean

Mean time, that Foe can't boast of much,
Who makes us watch and pray.

XXIX.

The Paradox.

1. **H**OW strange is the Course, that a Christian must steer?
How perplext is the Path he must tread?
The Hope of his Happiness rises from Fear;
And his Life he receives from the Dead.
 2. His fairest Pretensions must wholly be wav'd;
And his best Resolutions be crost.
Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,
Till he find himself utterly lost.
 3. When all this is done; and his Heart is assur'd
Of the total Remission of Sins;
When his Pardon is sign'd, and his Peace is procur'd,
From that Moment his Conflict begins.
-

XXX.

Stand still, and see the Salvation of the Lord. Exod. xiv. 13.

1. **O**H! what a narrow, narrow Path
Is that which leads to Life!
Some talk of Works, and some of Faith,
With Warmth, and Zeal, and Strife.
2. But

2. But after all that's said or done,
Let Men think what they will,
The Strength of every tempted Son
Consists in standing still.
3. "Stand still? says One. That's easy sure.
" 'Tis what I always do."
Deluded Soul, be not secure :
This is not meant to you.
4. Not driv'n by Fear, nor drawn by Love,
Nor yet by Duty led,
Lie still you do ; and never move.
For who can move, that's *dead*?
5. But for a *living* Soul to stand,
By thousand Dangers scar'd,
And feel Destruction close at Hand,
Oh ! this indeed is hard.
6. To shun this Danger others run,
To hide they know not where :
Or though they fight, no Vict'ry's won ;
They only beat the Air.
7. He that believes, the Scripture says,
Shall not confus'dly haste.
Thus Danger threatens both him that stays,
And him that runs too fast.
8. Haste grasps at all ; but nothing keeps ;
Sloth is a dang'rous State :
And he that flies, and he that sleeps,
Cannot be said to wait.
9. Lord, let thy Spirit prompt us when
To go, and when to stay.

Attract us with the Cords of Men,
And we shall not delay.

10. Give Pow'r and Will ; and then command;
And we will follow thee :
And when we're frighten'd, bid us stand,
And thy Salvation see.

XXXI.

The Sabbath.

1. **G**OD thus commanded *Jacob's* Seed,
When, from *Egyptian* Bondage freed,
He led them by the Way.
Remember, with a mighty Hand,
I brought thee forth from *Pharaoh's* Land ;
Then keep my Sabbath Day.
2. In six Days God made Heav'n and Earth,
Gave all the various Creatures Birth ;
And from his Working ceas'd.
These Days to Labour he applied ;
The Sev'nth he blest'd, and sanctified,
And call'd the Day of *Rest*.
3. To all God's People now remains
A *Sabbatism*, a Rest from Pains
And Works of ev'ry Kind.
When tir'd with Toil, and faint thro' Fear,
The Child of God can enter here,
And sweet Refreshment find.
4. To this by Faith he oft retreats,
And Law and Labour quite forgets,
And bids his Cares adieu ;
Slides softly into promis'd Rest,

Reclines

Reclines his Head on Jesu's Breast,
And proves the Sabbath true.

5. This, and this only, is the Way
To rightly keep that Sabbath Day,
Which God has holy made.
All Keepers, that come short of this,
The Substance of the Sabbath miss ;
And grasp an empty Shade.
-

XXXII.

Who hath despised the Day of small Things?
Zechar. iv. 10.

1. **T**HE Lord that made both Heav'n and
Earth,
And was himself made Man,
Lay in the Womb, before his Birth,
Contracted to a Span ;
2. Matur'd by Time, 'till forth he came
A Babe like others seen,
As small in Size, and weak of Frame,
As Babes have always been.
3. From thence he grew an Infant mild,
By fair and due Degrees ;
And then became a bigger Child,
And sat on *Mary's* Knees.
4. At first held up, for want of Strength ;
In time alone he ran :
Then grew a Boy ; a Lad ; at length
A Youth ; at last a Man,

Behold

Attract us with the Cords of Men,
And we shall not delay.

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By fair and due Degrees ;
And then became a bigger Child,
And sat on *Mary's* Knees.
4. At first held up, for want of Strength ;
In time alone he ran :
Then grew a Boy ; a Lad ; at length
A Youth ; at last a Man.

Behold

5. Behold, from what Beginnings small,
Our great Salvation rose !
The Strength of God is own'd by all ;
But who his Weakness knows ?
6. Thus Souls that would to Heav'n attain,
Must Jacob's Ladder climb ;
And Step by Step the Summit gain,
In Measure, and in Time.
7. Let not the Strong the Weak despise ;
Their Faith, though small, is true ;
Though low they seem in others Eyes :
Their Saviour seem'd so too.
8. Nor meanly of the tempted think :
For, O what Tongue can tell,
How low the Lord of Life must sink,
Before he vanquish'd Hell !
9. The least Believer is a Saint.
And if our Growth be slow,
We should not therefore tire and faint ;
Since Christ himself could grow.
10. As in the Days of Flesh he grew
In Wisdom, Stature, Grace ;
So in the Soul, that's born anew,
He keeps a gradual Pace.
11. No less Almighty at his Birth,
Than on his Throne supreme :
His Shoulders held up Heav'n and Earth,
When *Mary* held up Him.

XXXIII.

Holy Days.

1. **S**OME Christians to the Lord regard a Day;
And others to the Lord regard it *not*.
Now though these seem to chuse a diff'rent Way;
Yet both, at last, to one same Point are brought.

2. He that regards the Day will reason thus.
"This glorious Day our Saviour and our King
"Perform'd some mighty Act of Love for Us:
"Observe the *Time* in Mem'ry of the *Thing*."

3. Thus he to Jesus points his kind Intent;
And offers Pray'rs and Praises in His Name.
As to the Lord alone his Love is meant,
The Lord accepts it. And who dares to blame?

4. For though the Shell indeed is not the Meat;
'Tis not rejected, when the Meat's within.
Though Superstition is a vain Conceit;
Commemoration surely is no Sin.

5. He also, that to Days has no Regard,
The Shadows only for the Substance quits;
Towards his Saviour's Presence presses hard;
And outward Things thro' Eagerness omits.

6. For warmly to himself he thus reflects.
"My Lord alone I count my chiefest Good.
"All empty Forms my craving Soul rejects;
"And seeks the solid Riches of his Blood.

7. "All Days and Times I place my sole Delight
In Him, the onely Object of my Care.

F

"Exter-

“ External Shews for his dear Sake I slight ;
 “ Lest ought but Jesus my Respect should share.

8. Let not th' *Observer* therefore entertain
 Against his Brother any secret Grudge :
 Nor let the *Non-Observer* call Him vain :
 But use his Freedom, and forbear to judge.

9. Thus both may bring their Motives to the Test.
 Our condescending Lord will both approve.
 Let each pursue the Way that likes him best.
 He cannot walk amiss, that walks in Love.

XXXIV.

Good Friday.

1. **O**H ! what a sad and doleful Night
 Preceded that Day's Morn !
 * When Darknes seiz'd the Lord of Light ;
 And Sin by Christ was borne !

2. When our intolerable Load
 Upon his Soul was laid ;
 And the vindictive Wrath of God
 Flam'd furious on his Head !

3. We in our Conqu'ror well may boast ;
 For none, but God alone,
 Can know how dear the Vict'ry cost,
 How hardly it was won.

4. Forth from the Garden, fully tried,
 Our bruised Champion came,
 To suffer what remain'd beside
 Of Pain, and Grief, and Shame.

5. Mock'd, spit upon, and crown'd with Thorn,
A Spectacle he stood ;
His Back with Scourges lash'd and torn,
A Victim bath'd in Blood !
6. Nail'd to the Cross through Hands and Feet
He hung in open View,
To make his Sorrows quite complete,
By God deserted too.
7. Through Nature's Works the Woes he felt
With soft Infection ran :
The hardest Things could break or melt —
Except the Heart of Man.
8. This Day before thee, Lord, we come.
Oh ! melt our Hearts, or break :
For should we now continue dumb,
The very Stones would speak.
9. True ; thou hast paid the heavy Debt,
And made Believers clean :
But he knows nothing of it yet,
Who is not griev'd at Sin.
10. A faithful Friend of Grief partakes :
But Union can be none
Betwixt a *Heart like melting Wax*, *
And Hearts as hard as Stone ;
11. Betwixt a Head diffusing Blood,
And Members sound and whole ;
Betwixt an agonizing God,
And an unfeeling Soul.
12. Lord, my long'd Happiness is full,
When I can go with Thee

To Golgotha: *The Place of Skull*
Is Heav'n enough for Me.

XXXV.

Another.

1. **T**HAT Day when Christ was crucified,
The mighty God Jehovah died
An ignominious Death.
He that would keep this solemn Day,
(And true Disciples safely may)
Must keep it, firm in Faith.
 2. For though the mournful Tragedy
May call up Tears in ev'ry Eye;
Yet, Brethren, rest not here.
Would you condole your dying Friend?
Let each into his Soul descend,
And find his Saviour there.
 3. This only can our Hearts assure;
And make our outward Worship pure
In God's all-searching Sight.
When all we do with Love is mixt,
And stedfast Faith on Jesus fixt,
My Brethren, then we're right.
-

XXXVI.

Another.

1. **C**OME, poor Sinners, come away.
In Meditation sweet,
Let us go to Golgotha,
And kiss our Saviour's Feet.

Let us in his wounded Side
Wash, 'till we ev'ry Whit are clean :
That's the Fountain open'd wide
For Filthiness, and Sin.

2. Zion's Mourners, cease your Fear :
For lo ! the dying Lamb
Utterly forbids Despair
To all that love his Name.
Him your Fellow-Suff'rer see :
He was in all Things like to You,
Are you tempted ? So was He.
Deserted ? He was too.

3. Jesus, as on this Day, shed
For us his vital Blood.
We, through our victorious Head,
Can now come near to God.
Sin and Sorrow may distress ;
But neither shall us quite controul :
Christ has purchas'd Holiness
For ev'ry Sin-sick Soul.

XXXVII.

Perseverance.

1. **T**HE Sinner that, by precious Faith,
Has felt his Sins forgiv'n,
Is, from that Moment, pass'd from Death,
And seal'd an Heir of Heav'n.
2. Though thousand Snares enclose his Feet,
Not one shall hold him fast.
Whatever Dangers he may meet,
He shall get safe at last.

3. Not as the World the Saviour gives.
He is no fickle Friend :
Whom once he loves, he never leaves ;
But loves him to the End.
 4. The Spir't that would this Truth withstand,
Would pull God's Temple down,
Wrest Jesu's Sceptre from his Hand,
And spoil him of his Crown.
 5. Satan might then full Vict'ry boast ;
The Church might wholly fall :
If one Believer may be lost,
It follows, so may all.
 6. But Christ in ev'ry Age has prov'd
His Purchase firm and true.
If this Foundation be remov'd,
What shall the Righteous do ?
 7. Brethren, by this your Claim abide,
This Title to your Bliss :
Whatever Loss you bear beside,
O, never give up This.
-

XXXVIII.

*This is a faithful Saying, and worthy of
all Acceptation, that Christ Jesus came
into the World to save Sinners. 1 Tim.
i. 15.*

1. **W**HEN Adam by Transgression fell,
And conscious fled his Maker's Face,
Linkt in clandestine League with Hell
He ruin'd all his future Race.

The

The Seeds of Evil, once brought in,
Increas'd ; and fill'd the World with Sin.

2. This lurking Leav'n ferments the Mass.
All Nature's sick ; Creation's spoil'd ;
Each Sin-infected Sire, alas !
Begets a Sin-infected Child.
Thus Propagation spreads the Curse :
And Man, born bad, grows worse and worse.
3. But, lo, the second *Adam* came,
The Serpent's subtle Head to bruise.
He cancels his malicious Claim,
And disappoints his dev'lish Views ;
Ransoms poor Pris'ners with his Blood ;
And brings the Sinner back to God.
4. To understand these Terms aright,
This grand Distinction should be known ;
Though all are Sinners in God's Sight,
There are but few so in *their own*.
To such as these our Lord was sent :
They're only Sinners, who repent.
5. What Comfort can a Saviour bring
To those who never felt their Woe ?
A Sinner is a sacred Thing ;
The Holy Ghost has made him so.
New Life from Him we must receive,
Before for Sin we rightly grieve.
6. Let the self-righteous hence beware,
Lest he this great Salvation scorn.
Let ev'ry careless Soul take Care ;
For they that laugh shall one Day mourn.
High-flying Lights, learn hence to stoop ;
Dry Knowledge only puffs Men up.

7. This

7. This faithful Saying let us own ;
 (Well worthy 'tis to be believ'd)
 That Christ into the World came down,
 That *Sinners* might by him be sav'd.
Sinners are high in his Esteem :
 And *Sinners* highly value Him.
-

XXXIX.

The Sinner's Triumph.

1. **C**OME, ye humble Sinner-Train,
 Souls for whom the Lamb was slain,
 Cheerful let us raise our Voice :
 We have Reason to rejoice.
 Let us sing with Saints in Heav'n,
 Life restor'd, and Sins forgiv'n.
 Glory, and eternal Laud
 Be to our incarnate God.
2. Now look up with Faith, and see
 Him that bled for You and Me,
 Seated on his glorious Throne,
 Interceding for his own.
 What can Christians have to fear,
 When they view their Saviour there?
 Hell is vanquish'd, Heav'n pleas'd ;
 God is reconcil'd, and pleas'd.
3. Snares and Danger may beset ;
 For we are but Trav'lers yet.
 As the Way indeed is hard,
 Let us keep a constant Guard,
 Neither list'd up with Air,
 Nor dejected to Despair,

Always

Always keeping Christ in View ;
He will bring us safely through.

XL.

The World by Wisdom knew not God.
1 Cor. i. 21.

1. **O** Ye Sons of Men, be wise ;
Trust no longer Dreams and Lies.
Out of Christ, Almighty Pow'r
Can do nothing but devour.
2. God, you say, is good. 'Tis true :
But he's pure and holy too ;
Just and jealous in his Ire,
Burning with vindictive Fire.
3. This of old Himself declar'd :
Israel trembled when they heard.
But the Proof of Proofs indeed
Is, he sent his Son to bleed.
4. When the blessed Jesus died,
God was clearly justified :
Sin to pardon, without Blood,
Never in his Nature stood.
5. Worship God then in his Son :
There he's Love, and Love alone.
Think not that he will, or may
Pardon any other way.
6. See the suff'ring Son of God :
Panting ! groaning ! sweating Blood !
Brethren, this had never been,
Had not God detested Sin.

7. Be

7. Be his Mercy therefore sought
In the Way Himself has taught.
There his Clemency is such,
We can never trust too much.
 8. He, that better knows than We,
Bids us all to Jesus flee.
Humbly take him at his Word ;
And your Souls shall bless the Lord.
-

XLI.

*Behold and see, if there be any Sorrow like
unto my Sorrow. Lam. i. 12.*

• **M**UCH we talk of Jesu's Blood.
But how little's understood !
Of his Suff'rings so intense,
Angels have no perfect Sense.
Who can rightly comprehend
Their Beginning, or their End ?
'Tis to God, and God alone
That their Weight is fully known.

2. O thou hideous Monster, Sin,
What a Curse hast thou brought in !
All Creation groans through thee,
Pregnant Cause of Misery !
Thou hast ruin'd wretched Man,
Ever since the World began ;
Thou hast God tormented too ;
Nothing less than that would do.
3. Would we then rejoice indeed ?
Be it, that from thee we're freed.

And

And our justest Cause to grieve
 Is, that thou wilt to us cleave.
 Faith relieves us from thy Guilt :
 But we think whose Blood was spilt.
 All we heay, or feel, or see,
 Serves to raise our Hate to thee.

4. Dearly are we bought ; for God
 Bought us with his own Heart's Blood.
 Boundless Depths of Love divine !
 Jesus, what a Love was thine !
 Though the Wonders thou hast done
 Are, as yet, so little known ;
 Here we fix, and Comfort take ;
 Jesus died for Sinners' Sake.
-

XLII.

Election.

1. **B**Rethren, would you know your Stay ?
 What it is supports you still ?
 Why though tempted ev'ry Day,
 Yet you stand ; and stand you will ?
 Long before our Birth,
 Nay, before Jehovah laid
 The Foundations of the Earth,
 We were chosen in our Head.
2. God's Election is the Ground
 Of our Hope to persevere.
 On this Rock your Building found ;
 And preserve your Title clear.
 Infidels may laugh ;
 Pharisees gainsay, or rail ;
 Here's your Tenure (keep it safe)
God's Elect can never fail.

XLIII.

XLIII.

Create in me a clean Heart. Psalm li. 10.

1. **L**ORD, when thy Spir't descends to shew
The Badness of our Hearts,
Astonish'd at th' amazing View
The Soul with Horror starts.
2. The Dungeon, op'ning foul as Hell,
It's loathsome Stench emits ;
And brooding in each secret Cell
Some hideous Monster sits.
3. Swarms of ill Thoughts their Bane diffuse,
Proud, envious, false, unclean ;
And ev'ry ransack'd Corner shews
Some unsuspected Sin.
4. Our stagg'ring Faith gives way to Doubt ;
Our Courage yields to Fear.
Shock'd at the Sight, we strait cry out ;
" Can ever God dwell here ? "
5. But He that shews, can purge the Filth
Of each polluted Soul,
Restore the putrid Parts to Health,
And purify the Whole.
6. None less than God's Almighty Son
Can move such Loads of Sin :
The Water from his Side must run
To wash this Dungeon clean.
7. O come, thou much expected Guest,
Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Enter

Enter the Chamber of my Breast :
Thyself prepare the Room.

8. For shouldst thou stay, till thou canst meet
Reception worthy Thee ;
With Sinners thou wouldst never sit—
At least (I'm sure) with Me.
9. When, when will that blest Time arrive,
When thou wilt kindly deign
With me to sit, to lodge, to live ;
And never part again ?

XLIV.

Jabez's *Prayer*. 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1. A Saint there was in Days of old,
Though we but little of him hear,
In Honour high. Of whom is told
A short, but an effectual Pray'r.
This Pray'r, my Brethren, let us view ;
And try if we can pray so too.
2. He call'd on *Isr'el's* God, 'tis said.
Let us take Notice first of that :
Had he to any other pray'd,
To us it had not matter'd what.
For all true *Isra'lites* adore
One God, *Emmanuel*, and no more.
3. " Oh ! that thou wouldst me blest indeed ;
" And that thou wouldst enlarge my Bound ;
" And let thy Hand in every Need
" A Guide and Help be with me found ;
" That thou wouldst cause that Evil be
" No Cause of Pain and Grief to Me."

G

What

4. What is it to be blest indeed,
But to have all our Sins forgiv'n;
To be from Guilt and Terror freed,
Redeem'd from Hell, and seal'd for Heav'n;
To worship an incarnate God,
And know he sav'd us by his Blood?
5. And next to have our Coast enlarg'd,
Is, that our Hearts extend their Plan,
From Bondage and from Fear discharg'd,
And fill'd with Love to God and Man;
To cast off ev'ry narrow Thought;
And use the Freedom Christ has bought.
6. To use this Liberty aright,
And not the Grace of God abuse,
We always need his Hand, his Might;
Lest what he gives us we should lose;
Spiritual Pride would soon creep in,
And turn his very Grace to Sin,
7. This Pray'r, so long ago preferr'd,
Is left on sacred Record thus.
And this good Pray'r by God was heard;
And kindly handed down to Us.
Thus *Jabez* pray'd (for that's his Name)
Let all Believers pray the same.

XLV.

Whitsunday.

1. **W**HEN the blest'd Day of Pentecost
Was fully come; the Holy Ghost
Descended from above,
Sent by the Father and the Son,

The

(The Sender and the Sent are one)
The Lord of Life and Love.

2. Within one House, with one Accord,
The faithful Followers of our Lord
Waiting his Promise sit ;
That vested with supernal Pow'r
They might be then, and not before,
To preach the Gospel fit.
3. Sudden a rushing Wind they hear ;
And fiery cloven Tongues appear :
It sat on every one.
Cloven, perhaps, to be the Sign
That God no longer would confine
His Word to *Jews* alone.
4. To ev'ry Nation under Heav'n
To hear the Gospel-Sound is giv'n ;
The Call to all extends.
As *ours* was parted long ago ;
So God divides *his* Language too ;
And after Sinners sends.
5. And were these first Disciples blest
With heav'nly Gifts ? And shall the rest
Be past unheeded by ?
What ? Has the Holy Ghost forgot
To quicken Souls that Christ has bought ;
And lets them lifeless lie ?
6. No, thou Almighty Paraclete ;
Thou shedd'st thy heav'nly Influence yet ;
Thou visit'st Sinners still :
Thy Breath of Life, thy quick'ning Flame,
Thy Pow'r, thy Godhead, still the same,
We own ; because we feel.

XLVI.

Another.

1. **T**HE Soul that with sincere Desires
Seeks after Jesu's Love,
That Soul the Holy Ghost inspires
With Breathings from above.
2. Not ev'ry one, in like Degree,
The Spir't of God receives :
The Christian often cannot see
His Faith ; and yet believes.
3. So gentle sometimes is the Flame ;
That, if we take not Heed,
We may unkindly quench the same :
We may, my Friends, indeed.
4. Blest God, that once in fiery Tongues
Cam'st down in open View,
Come visit ev'ry Heart, that longs
To entertain thee too.
5. And though not like a mighty Wind,
Nor with a rushing Noise ;
May we thy calmer Comforts find ;
And hear thy still small Voice.
6. Not for the Gift of Tongues we pray ;
Nor Pow'r the Sick to heal :
Give Wisdom to direct our Way ;
And Strength to do thy Will.
7. We pray to be renew'd within,
And reconcil'd to God ;
To have our Conscience wash'd from Sin
In the Redeemer's Blood.
8. We

8. We pray to have our Faith increas'd.
And, O celestial Dove,
We pray to be completely blest
With that rich Blessing, Love.
-

XLVII.

Hymn, and Doxology to the Trinity.

1. **T**O comprehend the great THREE-ONE
Is more than highest Angels can ;
Or what the Trinity has done
From Death and Hell to ransom Man.
2. But all true Christians this may boast
(A Truth from Nature never learn'd)
That Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To save our Souls are all concern'd.
3. The Father's Love in this we find ;
He made his Son our Sacrifice.
The Son in Love his Life resign'd.
The Spir't of Love his Blood applies.
4. Thus we the Trinity can praise
In Unity, through Christ our King ;
Our grateful Hearts and Voices raise
In Faith and Love & while thus we sing.

GLORY to God the Father be ;
Because he sent his Son to die.
Glory to God the Son ; that He
Did with such Willingness comply.
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Who to our Hearts this Love reveals.
Thus God Three-one to Sinners lost
Salvation sends, procures, and seals.

XLVIII.

Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but my Words shall not pass away. Mat. xxiv. 35.

1. **T**HE Moon and Stars shall lose their Light;
The Sun shall sink in endless Night;
Both Heav'n and Earth shall pass away;
The Works of Nature all decay.
2. But they that in the Lord confide,
And shelter in his wounded Side,
Shall see the Danger overpast;
Stand ev'ry Storm; and live at last.
3. What Christ has said *must be* fulfill'd.
On this firm Rock, Believers, build.
His Word shall stand, his Truth prevail;
And not one Jot or Tittle fail.
4. His Word is this (poor Sinners, hear)
"Believe on Me, and banish Fear.
"Cease from your own Works, bad or good;
"And wash your Garments in my Blood."

XLIX.

The Rainbow. Isa. liv. 9.

1. **W**HEN deaf to ev'ry Warning giv'n
Man brav'd the patient Pow'r of Heav'n;
Great in his Anger God arose,
Delug'd the World, and drown'd his Foes

2. Vengeance, that call'd for this just Doom,
Retir'd to make sweet Mercy Room :
God, of his Wrath repenting, swore,
A Flood should drown the Earth no more.
3. That future Ages this might know,
He plac'd in Heav'n his radiant Bow,
The Sign, till Time itself shall fail,
That Waters shall no more prevail.
4. The Beauties of this Bow but shine
To vulgar Eyes as something fine :
Others investigate their Cause
By Mediums drawn from Nature's Laws.
5. But what great Ends can Men pursue
From Schemes like these, suppose them true?
Describe the Form ; the Cause define ;
The Rainbow still remains a Sign :
6. A Sign, in which by Faith we read
The Cov'nant God with *Noah* made ;
A noble End, and truly great !
But something greater lies there yet.
7. This Bow, that beams with vivid Light,
Presents a Sign to Christians' Sight,
That God has sworn (who dares condemn?)
" He will no more be wroth with Them."
8. Thus the Believer, when he views
The Rainbow in it's various Hues,
May say ; " Those lively Colours shine
" To shew, that Heav'n is surely mine.
9. " See, in yon' Cloud what Tinctures glow,
" And gild the smiling Vales below !
" So

" So smiles my chearful Soul to see,
 " My God is reconcil'd to Me."

L.

Charity never faileth. 1 Cor. xiii. 8.

1. **F**AITH in the bleeding Lamb,
 O what a Gift is this!
 Hope of Salvation in his Name,
 How comfortable 'tis!
2. Knowledge of what is right;
 How God is reconcil'd,
 A Foe receiv'd a Favourite,
 An Alien made a Child.
3. Blessings, my Friends, like these,
 Are very very great:
 But soon they ev'ry one must cease;
 Nor are they now complete.
4. Faith will to Bliss give Place,
 In Sight we Hope shall lose.
 For who needs trust for Things he has;
 Or hope for what he views?
5. The little too that's known,
 Which Children-like we boast,
 Will fade, like Glow-worms in the Sun,
 Or Drops in Ocean-lost.
6. But Love shall still remain;
 It's Glories cannot cease.
 No other Change shall that sustain,
 Save only to increase.

7. Of all that God bestows,
In Earth, or Heav'n above,
The best Gift Saint or Angel knows,
Or e'er will know, is Love.
 8. Love all Defects supplies,
Makes great Obstructions small.
'Tis Pray'r ; 'tis Praise ; 'tis Sacrifice ;
'Tis Holiness ; 'tis All.
 9. Descend, celestial Dove,
With Jesu's Flock abide :
Give us that best of Blessings, Love ;
Whate'er we want beside.
-

LI.

*And when they had nothing to pay, he
frankly forgave them both. Luke vii. 42.*

1. **M**ercy is welcome News indeed,
To those that *guilty* stand.
Wretches, that *feel* what Help they need,
Will bless the helping Hand.
2. Who rightly would his Alms dispose,
Must give them to the *Poor*.
None but the *wounded* Patient knows
The Comforts of his Cure.
3. We all have sinn'd against our God ;
Exception none can boast :
But he, that feels the heaviest Load,
Will prize Forgiveness most.
4. No Reck'ning can we rightly keep.
For who the Sums can know ?

Some

Some Souls are fifty-Pieces deep ;
And some five hundred owe.

5. But let our Debts be what they may,
However great, or small ;
As soon as we have *Nought* to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all.
 6. 'Tis perfect Poverty alone,
That sets the Soul at large :
While we can call one Mite our own,
We have no full Discharge.
-

LII.

Praying for Relations.

1. **K**IND Souls, who for the Mis'ries moan
Of those who seldom mind their own ;
But treat your Zeal with cold Disdain,
Resolv'd to make your Labours vain ;
 2. You, whose sincere Affection tends
To help your dear, ungrateful Friends,
That think you Foes, or mad, or Fools,
Because you fain would save their Souls ;
 3. Though, deaf to ev'ry Warning giv'n,
They scorn to walk with you to Heav'n ;
But often think, and sometimes say,
They'll never go, if that's the Way ;
 4. Though they the Spir't of God resist,
Or ridicule your Faith in Christ ;
Though they blaspheme, oppose, contemn ;
And hate you for your Love to Them ;
5. One

5. One secret Way is left you still
To do them Good, against their Will:
Here they can no Obstruction give;
You *may* do this, without their Leave,
 6. Fly to the Throne of Grace by Pray'r,
And pour out all your Wishes there:
Effectual fervent Pray'r prevails,
When ev'ry other Method fails.
-

LIII.

Faith is the Victory.

1. **W**Hoe'er believes aright,
In Christ's atoning Blood,
Of all his Guilt's acquitted quite;
And may draw near to God.
 2. But Sin will still remain,
Corruptions rise up thick;
And Satan says the Med'cine's vain,
Because we yet are sick.
 3. But all this will not do;
Our Hope's on Jesus cast:
Let all be Li'rs, and Him be true;
We shall be well at last.
-

LIV.

Faith and Repentance.

1. **J**ESUS is our God and Saviour,
Guide, and Counsellor, and Friend,
Bearing all our Misbehaviour,
Kind, and loving to the End.

Trust

Trust him ; he will not deceive us,
 Though we hardly of him deem :
 He will never, never leave us ;
 Nor will let us quite leave Him.

2. View him in the doleful Garden ;
 View him on the bloody Tree,
 Dearly purchasing a Pardon,
 For his People, full and free.
 View him now in Heaven sitting,
 Interceding for us there,
 Not a Moment intermitting
 His Compassion and his Care.
3. Nothing but thy Blood, O Jesus,
 Can relieve us from our Smart ;
 Nothing else from Guilt release us ;
 Nothing else can melt the Heart.
 Law and Terrors do but harden,
 All the while they work alone ;
 But a Sense of Blood-bought Pardon
 Soon dissolves a Heart of Stone.
4. 'Tis a safe, though deep Compunction,
 Thy repenting People feel.
 Love and Grief compound an Unction,
 Both to cleanse our Wounds and heal.
 Balm is useless to th'Unfeeling ;
 And Repentance without Faith
 Is a Sore, that never healing
 Frets and rankles unto Death.
5. Jesus, all our Consolations
 Flow from thee the Sov'reign Good.
 Love, and Faith, and Hope, and Patience,
 All are purchas'd by thy Blood.

From thy Fulness we receive them;
 We have nothing of our own:
 Freely thou delight'st to give them;
 To the Needy, who have none.

6. Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
 How to mourn, and not despair.
 Let us, leaning on thy Merit,
 Wrestle hard with God in Pray'r.
 Whatsoe'er Afflictions seize us,
 They shall profit, if not please:
 But defend, defend us, Jesus,
 From Security and Ease.
7. Softly to thy Garden lead us,
 To behold thy bloody Sweat.
 Though thou from the Curse hast freed us,
 Let us not the Cost forget.
 Be thy Groans and Cries rehearsed,
 By the Spirit, in our Ears;
 'Till we, viewing whom we've pierced,
 Melt in sympathetic Tears.
-

LV.

Another.

1. COME, ye Christians, sing the Praises
 Of your condescending God;
 Come, and hymn the holy Jesus,
 Who hath wash'd us in his Blood.
 We are poor, and weak, and silly,
 And to ev'ry Evil prone;
 Yet our Jesus loves us freely,
 And receives us for his own.

H

2. Though

2. Though we're mean in Man's Opinion,
He hath made us Priests and Kings.
Pow'r, and Glory, and Dominion
To the Lamb the Sinner sings.
Leprous Souls, unsound and filthy,
Come before him as you are :
'Tis the sick Man, not the healthy,
Needs the good Physician's Care.
3. Hear the Terms that never vary ;
" To repent, and to believe."
Both of these are necessary :
Both from Jesus we receive.
Would-be-Christian, duely ponder
These in thine impartial Mind :
And let no Man put asunder
What the Lord has wisely join'd.
4. Oh ! beware of fondly thinking
God accepts thee for thy Tears.
Are the Shipwreck'd sav'd by sinking ?
Can the Ruin'd rise by Fears ?
Oh ! beware of Trust ill-grounded :
'Tis but fancied Faith at most,
To be cur'd, and not be wounded ;
To be sav'd, before you're lost.
5. No big Words of ready Talkers,
No dry Doctrine will suffice.
Broken Hearts, and humble Walkers,
These are dear in Jesu's Eyes.
Tinkling Sounds of Disputation,
Naked Knowledge all are vain :
Ev'ry Soul, that gains Salvation,
Must and shall be born again.

LVI.
Another.

PART I.

1. **L**ET us ask th'important Question
(Brethren, be not too secure)
What it is to be a Christian;
How we may our Hearts assure.
Vain is all our best Devotion,
If on false Foundations built:
True Religion's more than Notion;
Something must be known and felt.

2. 'Tis to trust our Well-beloved
In his Blood has wash'd us clean.
'Tis to hope our Guilt's removed,
Though we feel it rise within.
To believe that all is finish'd,
Though so much remains t'endure.
Find the Dangers undiminish'd;
Yet to hold Deliv'rance sure.

3. 'Tis to credit Contradictions.
Talk with him one never sees.
Cry and groan beneath Afflictions;
Yet to dread the Thoughts of Ease.
'Tis to feel the Fight against us;
Yet the Vict'ry hope to gain.
To believe that Christ has cleans'd us;
Though the Leprosy remain.

4. 'Tis to hear the Holy Spirit
Prompting us to secret Pray'r.
To rejoice in Jesu's Merit;
Yet continual Sorrow bear.

To receive a full Remission
Of our Sins for evermore ;
Yet to sigh with sore Contrition,
Begging Mercy ev'ry Hour.

5. To be stedfast in believing ;
Yet to tremble, fear, and quake.
Ev'ry Moment be receiving
Strength ; and yet be always weak.
To be fighting, fleeing, turning ;
Ever sinking ; yet to swim.
To converse with Jesus, mourning
For ourselves, or else for Him.

P A R T 2.

1. **G**REAT High Priest, we view thee
 stooping,
With our Names upon thy Breast,
In the Garden, groaning, drooping,
To the Ground with Horrors prest.
Weeping Angels stood confounded
To behold their Maker thus.
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for Us ?
2. On the Cross thy Body broken
Cancels ev'ry penal Tie.
Tempted Souls, produce this Token
All Demands to satisfy.
All is finish'd ; do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord :
Never reason more about it ;
Only take him at his Word.
3. Lord, we fain would trust thee solely :
'Twas for Us thy Blood was spilt.

Bruised

Bruised Bridegroom, take us wholly ;
 Take, and make us what thou wilt.
 Thou hast borne the bitter Sentence
 Past on Man's devoted Race :
 True Belief, and true Repentance
 Are thy Gifts, thou God of Grace.

LVII.

The Wish.

1. IF Dust and Ashes might presume,
 Great God, to talk to Thee ;
 If in thy Presence can be Room
 For crawling Worms like Me :
 I humbly would my *Wish* present ;
 For *Wishes* I have none ;
 All my Desires are now content
 To be compriz'd in One.
2. I would not sue for Length of Days ;
 For Honor, or for Wealth ;
 Nor, that which far surpasseth these,
 Uninterrupted Health.
 I would not ask, like David's Heir,
 Exceeding wise to be :
 His was, indeed, a proper Pray'r
 For Him---But not for Me.
3. Not Joy, nor Strength would I request ;
 Though neither I contemn :
 But would petition to be blest
 With what transcendeth them.
 'Tis not that Angels might convey
 My Soul this Night to Heav'n :

Thy Time with Patience I can stay,
Since all my Sin's forgiv'n.

4. Nor would I crave in highest State
At thy right Hand to sit:
(The Boon of Zeb'dee's Sons) For that
I know myself unfit.
Nor in thy Church on Earth would strive
A pompous Post to fill:
I have not Wisdom to perceive,
Nor Strength to do thy Will.
5. The single Boon I would intreat
Is, to be led by thee,
To gaze upon thy bloody Sweat
In sad *Gethsemane*.
To view (as I could bear at least)
Thy tender broken Heart,
Like a rich Olive, bruis'd and prest
With agonizing Smart.
6. To see thee bow'd beneath my Guilt,
Intolerable Load!
To see thy Blood for Sinners spilt,
My groaning, gasping God!
With sympathizing Grief to mourn
The Sorrows of thy Soul;
The Pangs and Tortures by thee borne
In some Degree condole.
7. There musing on thy mighty Love,
I always would remain:
Or but to *Golgotha* remove,
And thence return again.
In each dear Place the same rich Scene
Should ever be renew'd:

No Object else should intervene ;
But all, be Love and Blood.

8. For this one Favour oft I've sought ;
And if this one be giv'n,
I seek on Earth no happier Lot ;
And hope the like in Heav'n.
Lord, pardon what I ask amiss ;
For Knowledge I have none.
I do but humbly speak my Wish ;
And may thy Will be done.
-

LVIII.

Pride,

1. **I**Nnumerable Foes
Attack the Child of God.
He feels within the Weight of Sin,
A grievous-galling Load.
2. Temptations too without,
Of various Kinds, assault,
Sly Snares beset his trav'ling Feet,
And make him often halt.
3. From Sinner, and from Saint
He meets with many a Blow :
His own bad Heart creates him Smart ;
Which only God can know.
4. But though the Host of Hell
Be neither weak nor small,
One mighty Foe deals dang'rous Woe,
And hurts beyond them all.

5. 'Tis

5. 'Tis Pride, accursed Pride,
That Spir't by God abhorr'd :
Do what we will, it haunts us still ;
And keeps us from the Lord.
6. It blows it's pois'nous Breath,
And bloats the Soul with Air ;
The Heart up-lifts with God's own Gifts,
And makes ev'n Grace a Snare.
7. Awake—nay while we sleep ;
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad ;
It's Hold we cannot break.
8. In other Ills we find
The Hand of Heav'n not slack :
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our Comforts back.
9. 'Tis hurtful, when perceiv'd :
When not perceiv'd, 'tis worse.
Unseen or seen it dwells within ;
And works by Fraud or Force.
10. Against it's Influence pray,
It mingles with the Pray'r ;
Against it preach, it prompts the Speech ;
Be silent, still 'tis there.
11. This Moment, while I write,
I feel it's Pow'r within ;
My Heart it draws to seek Applause,
And mixes all with Sin.
12. Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This haughty Tyrant kill ;

That wounded Thee, tho' thou wast free,
And grieves thy Spirit still.

13. Our condescending God,
(To whom else shall we go ?)
Remove our Pride, whate'er betide ;
And lay, and keep us low.
14. Thy Garden is the Place,
Where Pride cannot intrude :
For should it dare to enter there,
'Twould soon be drown'd in Blood.

LIX.

The High Priest.

1. **W**HEN *Aaron* in the holi'st Place
Atonement made for *Isr'el's* Race,
The Names of all their Tribes express
He wore conspicuous on his Breast.
2. Twelve letter'd Stones, with Sculpture bold,
Deep seated in the wounded Gold,
Glow'd on the Breast-plate richly bright,
And beam'd characteristic Light.
3. His Hands a golden Censer held
With burning Coals and Incense fill'd ;
Which clouded all the holy Room
With od'rous Steams of rich Perfume.
4. And, lest the Priest the Place defile,
A costly consecrating Oil
With mingled Gums and Spices sweet
Had for his Office made him meet.

5. The

5. The liquid Compound from his Head
It's unctious Odours downwards spread:
Delicious Drops, like balmy Dewes,
O'er all the Man their Sweets diffuse.
6. Array'd in hallow'd Vests he stood
Sprinkled with holy Oil and Blood:
The Tabernacle's sacred Frame,
And all within it, shar'd the same.
7. So when our great *Melchisedec*
The true Atonement came to make,
A holy Oil anoints *Him* too,
Richer than *Aaron* ever knew.
8. His Body bath'd in Sweat and Blood,
Show'r'd on the Ground a purple Flood:
The rich Effusion copious ran
To glad the Heart of God and Man.
9. Deep in his Breast engrav'd he bore
Our Names with ev'ry penal Score;
When prest to Earth he prostrate lay,
Shock'd at the Sum, yet prompt to pay.
10. The fragrant Incense of his Pray'r,
To Heav'n went up thro' yielding Air,
Perfum'd the Throne of God on high,
And sooth'd offended Majesty.

LX.

Election.

1. **M**ighty Enemies without,
Much mightier within,
Thoughts we cannot quell, nor rout,
Blasphemously obscene,

Cold-

Coldness, Unbelief, and Pride,
 Hell, and all it's murd'rous Train
 Threaten Death on ev'ry side;
 And have their Thousands slain.

2. Thus pursu'd, and thus distress'd
 Ah! whither shall we fly?
 'To obtain the promis'd Rest,
 On what sure Hand rely?
 Shall the Christian trust his Heart?
 That, alas! of Foes the worst,
 Always takes the Tempter's Part;
 Nay, often tempts him first.
3. If To-day we be sincere,
 And can both watch and pray;
 Watchfulness, perhaps, and Pray'r
 To-morrow may decay.
 If we now believe aright;
 Faithfulness is God's alone:
 We are feeble, fickle, light,
 To Changes ever prone.
4. But we build upon a Base
 That nothing can remove,
 When we trust electing Grace
 And everlasting Love.
 Vict'ry over all our Foes
 Christ has purchas'd with his Blood:
 Perseverance he bestows
 On ev'ry Child of God.

LXI.

Another.

1. **W**HEN we pray, or when we sing,
Or read, or speak, or hear,
Or do any holy Thing,
Be this our constant Care ;
With a fixt habitual Faith
Jesus Christ to keep in View,
Trusting wholly in his Death
In all we ask, or do.
 2. Holiness, in all it's Parts,
Affections plac'd above,
Self-Abhorrence, contrite Hearts,
Humility and Love,
Ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace,
All that bears the Name of Good,
Perseverance in our Race,
We draw from Jesu's Blood.
 3. Lamb of God, in thee we trust,
On thy fixt Love depend ;
Thou art faithful, true, and just ;
And lovest to the End.
Heav'n and Earth shall pass away ;
But thy Word shall firm abide :
That's thy Children's stedfast Stay,
When all Things fail beside.
-

LXII.

Christ in the Garden.

1. **C**OME hither ye, that fain would know
Th' exceeding Sinfulness of Sin ;
Come see a Scene of matchless Woe ;
And tell me what it all can mean.
2. Behold

2. Behold the darling Son of God.
Bow'd down with Horror to the Ground,
Wrung at the Heart, and sweating Blood,
His Eyes in Tears of Sorrow drown'd.
3. See how the Victim panting lies,
His Soul with bitter Anguish prest.
He sighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,
Dismay'd, dejected, shock'd, distress'd!
2. What Pangs are these that tear his Heart?
What Burden's this that's on him laid?
What means this Agony of Smart?
What makes our Maker hang his Head?
- 'Tis Justice with it's Iron Rod
Inflicting Strokes of Wrath divine:
'Tis the vindictive Hand of God
Incens'd at all your Sins, and mine.
- Deep in his Breast our Names were cut,
He undertook our desp'rate Debt.
Such Loads of Guilt were on him put,
He could but just sustain the Weight.
- Then let us not ourselves deceive:
For while of Sin we lightly deem,
Whatever Notions we may have,
Indeed we are not much like Him.

LXIII.

The Crucifixion.

NOW from the Garden to the Cross
Let us attend the Lamb of God.
Be all Things else accounted Dross,
Compar'd with Sin-atoning Blood.

1

2. See

2. See, how the patient Jesus stands,
Insulted in his lowest Case :
Sinners have bound th' Almighty's Hands;
And spit in their Creator's Face.
3. With Thorns his Temples gor'd and gash'd
Send Streams of Blood from ev'ry Part.
His Back's with knotted Scourges lash'd :
But sharper Scourges tear his Heart.
4. Nail'd naked to th'accursed Wood,
Expos'd to Earth and Heav'n above,
A Spectacle of Wounds and Blood,
A Prodigy of injur'd Love !
5. Hark how his doleful Cries affright
Affected Angels, while they view.
His Friends forsook him in the Night ;
And now his God forsakes him too.
6. O, what a Field of Battle's here !
Vengeance and Love their Pow'rs oppose.
Never was such a mighty Pair ;
Never were two such desp'rate Foes.
7. Behold that pale, that languid Face,
That drooping Head, those cold dead Eyes
Behold in Sorrow and Disgrace
Our conqu'ring Hero hangs, and dies !
8. Ye that assume his sacred Name,
Now tell me, what can all this mean ?
What was it bruise'd God's harmless Lamb
What was it pierc'd his Soul, but Sin ?
9. Blush, Christian, blush ; let Shame abound
If Sin affects thee not with Woe,

Wha

Whatever Spir't be in thee found,
The Spir't of Christ thou dost not know.

LXIV.

*In the Lord have I Righteousness and
Strength. Isa. xlv. 24.*

1. **F**AITH in Jesus can repel
The Darts of Sin and Death.
Faith gives Vict'ry over Hell:
But who can give us *Faith*?
Hope in Christ the Soul revives;
Supports the Spirits, when they droop.
Hope celestial Comfort gives.
But who can give us *Hope*?
2. *Love* to Jesus Christ and His
Fixes the Heart above.
Love gives everlasting Bliss:
But who can give us *Love*?
To *believe's* the Gift of God.
Well-grounded *Hope* he sends from Heav'n;
Love's the Purchase of his Blood,
To all his Children giv'n.
3. Jesus, from thy boundless Store,
Thy Treasuries of Grace,
On thy feeble Foll'wers pour
Thy Righteousness and Peace:
Of *thy* Righteousness alone
Continual Mention we will make.
We have nothing of our own:
But Soul and All's at Stake.

LXV.

Man's Righteousness.

1. **M**A N, bewail thy Situation :
Hell-born Sin,
Once crept in,
Marrs God's fair Creation.
2. Vaunt thy native Strength no longer :
Vain's the Boast ;
All is lost ;
Sin and Death are stronger.
3. Enemies to God and Goodness
Great and Small,
Since the Fall,
Sink in Lust and Lewdness.
4. If to this thou art a Stranger ;
While thou li'st
Out of Christ,
Greater is thy Danger.
5. Trust not to thy smooth Behaviour :
All's Deceit ;
And the Cheat
Keeps thee from the Saviour.
6. Oft we're best when Dangers fright us :
Jesus came
To reclaim
Sinners, not the Righteous.
7. Sick Men feel their bad Condition ;
But the Soul,
That is whole,
Slights the good Physician.

LXVI.

The Linsey-woolsey Garment.

1. **D**ARK is he whose Eye's not single :
Foolish Man,
Never can
Hell with Heaven mingle.
2. Ev'ry thing we do we sin in :
Chosen *Jews*
Must not use
Woolen mixt with Linen.
3. God is holy in his Nature ;
And by that
Needs must hate
Sin in ev'ry Creature.
4. Infinite in Truth and Justice,
He surveys
All our Ways ;
Knows in whom our Trust is.
5. Partial Service is his Loathing ;
He requires
Pure Desires,
All the Heart, or Nothing.
6. If we think of reconciling
Black with White,
Dark with Light,
'Tis but Self-beguiling.
7. Righteousness to full Perfection
Must be brought,
Lacking nought,
Fearless of Rejection.

LXVII.

Christ's Righteousness.

1. **R**ighteousness to the Believer,
 Freely giv'n,
 Comes from Heav'n,
 God himself the Giver.
2. Christ has wrought this mighty Wonder;
 God and Man
 By Him can
 Meet, and never sunder.
3. All the Law in human Nature
 He fulfill'd,
 Reconcil'd
 Creature and Creator.
4. Ev'ry one, without Exemption,
 That believes,
 Now receives
 Absolute Redemption.
5. Robes of Righteousness imputed,
 White and whole,
 Cloath the Soul,
 Each exactly suited.
6. 'Tis a Way of God's own finding;
 'Tis his Act;
 And the Pact *
 Cannot but be binding.
7. Here is no Prevarication;
 Justice stands,
 And demands
 Full and free Salvation.

* Covenant.

LXVIII.

The Saint's Inheritance.

1. **P**erfect Holiness of Spirit
 Saints above
 Full of Love
 With the Lamb inheret
2. This Inheritance, Believer,
 Faith alone
 Makes thy own,
 Safe and sure for ever.
3. True, 'twas thine from everlasting ;
 But the Bliss
 Of it is
 Known to thee by Tasting.
4. Tho' thou here receive but little,
 Not enough
 For the Proof
 Of thy proper Title,
5. Urge thy Claim through all Unfitness ;
 Sue it out
 Spurning Doubt ;
 Th' Holy Ghost's thy Witness.
6. Cite the Will of his own sealing ;
 Title good,
 Sign'd with Blood,
 Valid, and unfailing.
7. When thy Title thou discernest ;
 Humbly then
 Sue again
 For continual Earnest.

LXIX.

But it is good for me to draw near to God.
Pfalm lxxiii. 28.

1. **A**S when a Child secure of Harms
 Hangs at the Mother's Breast,
 Safe folded in her anxious Arms
 Receiving Food and Rest :
 And while through many a painful Path
 The trav'ling Parent speeds,
 The fearless Babe, with passive Faith,
 Lies still, and yet proceeds.
 2. Should some short Start his Quiet break,
 He fondly strives to fling
 His little Arms about her Neck,
 And seems to closer cling.
 Poor Child, maternal Love alone
 Preserves thee first and last ;
 Thy Parent's Arms, and not thy own,
 Are those that hold thee fast.
 3. So Souls that would to Jesus cleave,
 And hear his secret Call,
 Must ev'ry fair Pretension leave,
 And let the Lord be all.
 " Keep close to me, thou helpless Sheep,"
 The Shepherd softly cries.
Lord, tell me what 'tis close to keep ?
 The list'ning Sheep replies.
 4. " Thy whole Dependance on me fix ;
 " Nor entertain a Thought
 " Thy worthless Schemes with mine to mix ;
 " But venture to be Nought.
- " Fond

- " Fond Self-Direction is a Shelf ;
 " Thy Strength, thy Wisdom flee :
 " When thou art *Nothing* in thy Self,
 " Thou then art close to Me."
-

LXX.

Temptation.

1. **Y**E tempted Souls, reflect
 Whose Name 'tis you profess :
 Your Master's Lot you must expect,
 Temptations more or less.
2. Dream not of Faith so clear,
 As shuts all Doubtings out :
 Remember how the Dev'l could dare
 To tempt ev'n Christ to doubt.
3. " If thou'rt the Son of God,
 (O, what an I F was there !)
 " These Stones here, speak them into Food,
 " And make that Sonship clear."
4. View that amazing Scene !
 Say, could the Tempter try
 To shake a Tree so sound, so green ?
 Good God, defend the dry.
5. Think not he now will fail
 To make Us shrink and droop.
 Our Faith he daily will assail ;
 And dash our very Hope.
6. That impious I F he thus
 At God incarnate threw,

No

No Wonder if he cast at Us,
And make us feel it too.

7. To cause Despair's the Scope
Of Satan and his Pow'rs.
Against Hope to believe in Hope,
My Brethren, must be ours.
8. *Buts, Ifs, and Hows* are hurl'd
To sink us with the Gloom
Of all that's dismal in this World,
Or in the World to come.
9. But here's our Point of Rest.
Tho' hard the Battle seem,
Our Captain stood the fiery Test,
And we shall stand through Him.

LXXI.

The Prodigal.

1. **N**OW for a wond'rous Song.
(Keep Distance, ye profane ;
Be silent, each unhallow'd Tongue ;
Nor turn the Truth to Bane.)
2. The Prodigal's return'd,
Th' Apostate bold and base ;
That all his Father's Counsels spurn'd,
And long abus'd his Grace.
3. What Treatment since he came ?
Love tenderly exprest.
What Robe is brought to hide his Shame ?
The best ; the very best.
4. Rich

4. Rich Food the Servants bring.
Sweet Music charms his Ears.
See what a beauteous costly Ring
The Beggar's Finger wears !
5. Ye elder Sons, be still;
Give no bad Passion vent :
My Brethren, 'tis our Father's Will,
And You must be content.
6. All that he has is Yours :
Rejoice then, not repine.
That Love that all *your* States secures,
That Love has alter'd *mine*.
7. Good God, are these thy Ways !
If Rebels thus are freed,
And favour'd with peculiar Grace,
Grace must be free indeed.
-

LXXII.

All my Springs are in thee. Psal. lxxxvii. 7.

1. **B**LESS the Lord, my Soul ; and raise
A glad and grateful Song
To my dear Redeemer's Praise ;
For I to Him belong.
He my Goodness, Strength, and God,
In whom I live, and move, and am,
Paid my Ransom with his Blood :
My Portion is the Lamb.
2. Tho' Temptations seldom cease ;
Tho' frequent Griefs I feel ;
Yet his Spirit whispers Peace ;
And he is with me still :

Weak

Weak of Body, sick in Soul,
 Deprest at Heart, and faint with Fears,
 His dear Presence makes me whole,
 And with sweet Comfort cheers.

3. O my Jesus, thou art Mine,
 With all thy Grace and Pow'r ;
 I am now, and shall be Thine,
 When Time shall be no more.
 Thou reviv'st me by thy Death ;
 Thy Blood from Guilt has set me free ;
 My fresh Springs of Hope, and Faith,
 And Love, are all in Thee.
-

LXXIII.

*If there arise among you a Prophet, or
 a Dreamer of Dreams, &c. Deut.
 xiii. 1, &c.*

1. **N**O Prophet, nor Dreamer of Dreams,
 No Master of plausible Speech,
 To live like an Angel who seems,
 Or like an Apostle to preach ;
 No Tempter, without or within,
 No Spirit, tho' ever so bright,
 That comes crying out against Sin,
 And looks like an Angel of Light ;
2. Tho' Reason, tho' Scriptures he urge,
 Or plead with the Words of a Friend,
 Or Wonders of Argument forge,
 Or deep Revelations pretend,
 Should meet with a Moment's Regard,
 But rather be boldly withstood,

If any Thing, easy or hard,
He teach, save the Lamb and his Blood.

3. Remember, O Christian, with Heed,
When sunk under Sentence of Death,
How first thou from Bondage wast freed :
Say ; was it by Works, or by Faith ?
On Christ thy Affections then fixt,
What conjugal Truth didst thou vow !
With Him was there any Thing mixt ?
Then what would'st thou mix with him
now ?

4. If close to thy Lord thou would'st cleave ;
Depend on his Promise alone.
His Righteousness would'st thou receive ?
Then learn to renounce all thy own.
The Faith of a Christian indeed
Is more than mere Notion or Whim ;
United to Jesus, his Head,
He draws Life and Virtue from Him.

5. Deceiv'd by the Father of Lies
Blind Guides cry, *Lo here ! and lo there !*
By these our Redeemer us tries ;
And warns us of such to beware.
Poor Comfort to Mourners they give,
Who set us to labour in vain ;
And strive, with a *Do this and live,*
To drive us to *Egypt* again.

6. But what says our Shepherd divine ?
(For *his* blessed Word we should keep)
“(a) This Flock has my Father made mine.
“(b) I lay down my Life for my Sheep.
K “(c) 'Tis

(a) John x. 29.

(b) Ver. 15.

"(c) 'Tis Life everlasting I give :

"(d) My Blood was the Price that it cost.

"(e) Not one, that on Me shall believe,
"Shall ever be finally lost."

7. This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend ;
Whose Love is as large as his Pow'r ;
And neither knows Measure nor End.
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last ;
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home.
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

(c) John x. ver. 28. (d) Ver. 11. (e) Ch.
iii. 15, 16.

LXXIV.

*Believe in the Lord your God ; so shall you
be established.* 2 Chron. xx. 20.

1. **L**ORD we lie before thy Feet :
Look on all our deep Distress.
Thy rich Mercy may we meet.
Cloath us with thy Righteousness.
Stretch forth thy Almighty Hand ;
Hold us up ; and we shall stand.
2. Shame, and Fear, and Pain we feel
Viewing our unstable Hearts ;
How we wander, waver, reel,
Only wise by Fits and Starts.
Thou art Truth: But what are We?
Fickle Fools, and false to Thee.
3. Oh, that closer we could cleave
To thy bleeding dying Breast !

Give us firmly to believe,
And to enter into Rest.

Lord, increase, increase our Faith:
Make us faithful unto Death.

4. Make thy mighty Wonders known.

Let us see thy Suff'rings plain.

Let us hear thee sigh and groan,

Till we sigh and groan again.

Rend, O rend the Veil between;

Open wide the bloody Scene.

Let us, with a stedfast Faith,

View our dear incarnate God

Shudd'ring in the Arms of Death,

Bow'd beneath our Nature's Load.

Make our Union with thee clear.

Perfect Love; and cast out Fear.

Let us trust thee evermore;

Ev'ry Moment on thee call,

For new Life, new Will, new Pow'r;

Let us trust thee, Lord, for all.

May we nothing know beside

Jesus, and him crucified.

LXXV.

*Jesus oft-times resorted thither, with his
Disciples. John xviii. 2.*

JESUS, while he dwelt below,

As divine Historians say,

To a Place would often go;

Near to Kedron's Brook it lay;

In this Place he lov'd to be ;
And 'twas nam'd *Gethsemane*.

2. 'Twas a Garden, as we read,
At the Foot of *Olivet*,
Low, and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone Retreat.
When from Noise he would be free,
Then he sought *Gethsemane*.
3. Thither, by their Master brought,
His Disciples likewise came.
There the heav'nly Truths, he taught,
Often set their Hearts on Flame.
Therefore they, as well as He,
Visited *Gethsemane*.
4. Here they oft conversing sat ;
Or might join with Christ in Pray'r.
Oh, what blest Devotion's that,
When the Lord himself is there !
All Things to them seem'd t'agree
To endear *Gethsemane*.
5. Here no Strangers durst intrude ;
But the Prince of Peace could sit,
Chear'd with sacred Solitude,
Wrapt in Contemplation sweet :
Yet how little could they see,
Why he chose *Gethsemane* !
6. Full of Love to Man's lost Race
On his Conflict much he thought.
This he knew the destin'd Place :
And he lov'd the sacred Spot.
Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
Often in *Gethsemane*.

7. They his Foll'wers, with the rest,
 Had incurr'd the Wrath Divine:
 And their Lord, with Pity prest,
 Long'd to bear their Loads—and Mine.
 Love to Them, and Love to Me
 Made him love *Gethsemane*.
8. Many Woes had he endur'd,
 Many fore Temptations met,
 Patient, and to Pains inur'd:
 But the forest Trial yet
 Was to be sustain'd in Thee,
 Gloomy sad *Gethsemane*.
9. Came at length the dreadful Night.
 Vengeance with it's Iron Rod
 Stood, and with collected Might
 Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God.
 See, my Soul, thy Saviour see,
 Grov'ling in *Gethsemane*!
10. View him in that *Olive-Prefs*,
 Squeez'd and wrung, till whelm'd in Blood!
 View thy Maker's deep Distress!
 Hear the Sighs and Groans of God!
 Then reflect, what Sin must be,
 Gazing on *Gethsemane*.
11. Poor Disciples, tell me now,
 Where's the Love ye lately had?
 Where's that Faith ye all could vow?—
 But this Hour is too too sad.
 'Tis not now for such as Ye
 To support *Gethsemane*.
12. Oh, what Wonders Love has done!
 But how little understood!

God well knows, and God alone,
What produc'd that Sweat of Blood.
Who can thy deep Wonders see,
Wonderful *Gethsemane* ?

13. There my God bore all my Guilt :
This, through Grace, can be believ'd.
But the Horrors, which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceiv'd.
None can penetrate through Thee,
Doleful, dark *Gethsemane*.

14. Gloomy Garden, on thy Beds,
Wash'd by *Kedron's* Waters foul,
Grow most rank and bitter Weeds :
Think on these, my sinful Soul.
Woul'dst thou Sin's Dominion flee ?
Call to mind *Gethsemane*.

15. Sinners, vile like me, and lost,
(If there's one so vile as I)
Leave more righteous Souls to boast :
Leave them ; and to *Refuge* fly.
We may well bless that Decree,
Which ordain'd *Gethsemane*.

16. We can hope no healing Hand,
Leprous quite throughout with Sin.
Loath'd Incurables we stand,
Crying out, *Unclean, Unclean*.
Help there's none for such as We,
But in dear *Gethsemane*.

17. *Eden*, from each flow'ry Bed,
Did for Man short Sweetness breathe.
Soon, by Satan's Counsel led,
Man wrought Sin, and Sin wrought
Death. But

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But of Life the healing Tree
Grows in rich *Gethsemane*.

18. Hither, Lord, thou didst resort
Oft-times with thy little Train.
Here would'st keep thy private Court :
Oh! confer that Grace again.
Lord, resort with worthless Me
Oft-times to *Gethsemane*.

19. True ; I can't deserve to share
In a Favor so divine.
But, since Sin first fix'd thee there,
None have greater Sins than mine ;
And to this my woeful Plea
Witness thou, *Gethsemane*.

20. Sins against a holy God ;
Sins against his righteous Laws ;
Sins against his Love, his Blood ;
Sins against his Name and Cause ;
Sins immense as is the Sea —
Hide me, O *Gethsemane* !

21. Here's my Claim, and here alone ;
None a Saviour more can need.
Deeds of Righteousness I've none :
No, not one good Work to plead.
Not a Glimpse of Hope for Me ;
Only in *Gethsemane*.

22. Saviour, all the Stone remove
From my flinty frozen Heart.
Thaw it with the Beams of Love :
Pierce it with a Blood-dipt Dart.
Wound the Heart, that wounded Thee :
Melt it in *Gethsemane*.

23. Father,

23. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One Almighty God of Love,
 Hymn'd by all the heav'nly Host,
 In thy shining Courts above,
 We poor Sinners, gracious THREE,
 Bless thee for *Gethsemane*.
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LXXVI.

The inestimable Benefits of Christ's
 Death, infer'd from the Excellency of
 his Person.

PART I.

1. THE Things on Earth which Men esteem,
 And of their Richness boast,
 In Value less, or greater seem,
 Proportion'd to their Cost.
2. The Diamond, that's for Thousands sold,
 Our Admiration draws.
 For Dust, Men seldom part with Gold;
 Or barter Pearls for Straws.
3. Then what inestimable Worth
 Must in those Crowns appear,
 For which the Lord came down to Earth,
 And bought for Us so dear?
4. The Father dearly loves the Son,
 And rates his Merits high.
 For no mean Cause he sent him down
 To suffer, grieve, and die.
5. The Blessings, from his Death that flow,
 So little we esteem,
 Only because we slightly know,
 And meanly value, Him.

6. 'Twas our Creator for us bled,
The Lord of Life and Pow'r ;
Whom Angels worship, Devils dread,
God blest for evermore.
7. Oh ! could we but with clearer Eyes
His Excellencies trace ;
Could we his Person learn to prize,
We more should prize his Grace.

P A R T 2.

1. **A**ND did the darling Son of God
For Sinners deign to bleed ?
The Purchase of that precious Blood
Must needs be rich indeed.
2. God's Wisdom would not pay for Toys
So great a Price as this.
'Tis God-like Glory, boundless Joys,
'Tis unexampled Bliss.
3. Saints, raise your Expectations high ;
Hope all that Heav'n has good.
Think what the Blood of Christ can buy ;
Invaluable Blood !
4. Eye hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,
Nor can the Heart conceive,
What Blessings are for them prepar'd,
Who in the Lord believe.
5. By Others, for their Virtue fair,
Let rich Rewards be sought :
Give *Me*, my God, to freely share,
What thou hast dearly bought.

LXXVII.

*Who of God is made unto us Wisdom, and
Righteousness, and Sanctification, and
Redemption. 1 Cor. i. 30.*

1. **B**elievers own they are but blind ;
They know themselves unwise :
But *Wisdom* in the Lord they find ;
Who opens all their Eyes.
2. Unrighteous are they all, when tried :
But God himself declares,
In Jesus they are justified ;
His Righteousness is *Theirs*.
3. That We're unholy needs no Proof ;
We sorely feel the Fall :
But Christ has Holiness enough
To *sanctify* us all.
4. Expos'd by Sin to God's just Wrath,
We look to Christ, and view
Redemption in his Blood by Faith ;
And *full Redemption* too.
5. Some this, some that good Virtue teach,
To rectify the Soul :
But We first after Jesus reach,
And richly grasp the Whole.
6. To Jesus join'd we all that's good
From Him our Head derive ;
We eat his Flesh, and drink his Blood ;
And *by*, and *in* him live.

LXXVIII.

And the Lord shut him in. Gen. vii. 16.

WHEN *Noah*, with his favour'd few,
Were order'd to embark;
Eight human Souls, a little Crew,
Ent'red on board his Ark.

2. Though ev'ry Part he might secure,
With Bar, or Bolt, or Pin;
To make the Preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in.
3. The Waters then might swell their Tides,
The Billows rage and roar;
They could not stave th'assaulted Sides,
Nor burst the batter'd Door.
4. So Souls, that into Christ believe,
Quicken'd by vital Faith,
Eternal Life at once receive,
And never shall see Death.
5. In his own Heart the Christian puts
No Trust; but builds his Hopes
On Him that opes, and no Man shuts;
And shuts, and no Man opes.
6. In Christ his Ark he safely rides,
Not wreck'd by Death nor Sin.
How is it he so fast abides?
The Lord has shut him in.

LXXIX.

Difference and Degrees of Faith.

1. **H**E that *believeth* Christ, the Lord,
 Who shed for Man his Blood,
 By giving Credence to his Word
 Exalts the Truth of God.
 So far he's right: but let him know,
 Farther than this he yet must go.
2. He that believes *on* Jesus Christ,
 Has a much better Faith;
 His Prophet now becomes his Priest,
 And saves him by his Death.
 By Christ he finds his Sins forgiv'n;
 And Christ has made him Heir of Heav'n.
3. But he that *into* Christ believes,
 What a rich Faith has He!
 In Christ he moves, and acts, and lives,
 From Self and Bondage free.
 He hath the Father and the Son;
 For Christ and he are now but one.
4. Till we attain to this rich Faith,
 Though safe, we are not sound.
 Tho' we are sav'd from Guilt and Wrath,
 Perfection is not found.
 Lord, make our Union closer yet;
 And let the Marriage be complete.

LXXX.

LXXX.

*Thou hast guided them in thy Strength un-
to thy holy Habitation. Exod. xv. 13.*

1. **M**istaken Men may bawl
Against the Grace of God ;
And threaten with a final Fall
The Purchase of his Blood ;
But though they own the Saviour's Name,
From Him such Gospel never came.

2. Shall Babes in Christ, bereft
Of God's rich Gift of Faith,
Be to their own Disposal left ;
And sin the Sin to Death ?
Shall any Child of God be lost ;
And Satan cheat the Holy Ghost ?

3. Dark Unbelief and Pride,
With *Pharisaic* Zeal,
We lay your Dictates all aside ;
And trust a surer Seal.
We rest our Souls on Jesu's Word,
And give the Glory to the Lord.

4. Led forth by God's free Grace,
And guided in his Pow'r,
We shall possess his holy Place,
And live for evermore.
'Twas *this* Place *Moses* had in View.
Of this he sang ; and we sing too.

LXXXI.

The young Lions do lack, and suffer Hunger : but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good Thing. Psalm xxxiv. 10.

1. **Y**E Lambs of Christ's Fold,
Ye Weaklings in Faith,
Who long to lay hold
On Life by his Death ;
Who fain would believe him,
And in your best Room
Would gladly receive him,
But fear to presume ;

2. Remember one Thing ;
(Oh ! may it sink deep)
Our Shepherd and King
Cares much for his Sheep.
To trust him endeavour ;
The Work is his own :
He makes the Believer,
And gives him his Crown.

3. Those feeble Desires,
Those Wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires,
And bids you still seek.
His Spirit will cherish
The Life he first gave :
You never shall perish,
If Jesus can save.

4. Proud Lions, that boast
When lusty and young,

Soon

Soon find, to their Cost,
 Self-Confidence wrong :
 Tormented with Hunger
 They feel their Strength vain ;
 For Famine is stronger,
 And gnaws them with Pain.

5. But Lambs are preserv'd,
 Though helpless in Kind ;
 When Lions are starv'd,
 They Nourishment find.
 Their Shepherd upholds them,
 When faint, in his Arms ;
 And feeds them ; and folds them ;
 And guards them from Harms.

6. Though sometimes, we see,
 The Case is not thus ;
 Bad Shepherds will flee :
 Yet what's that to us ?
 The Shepherd that chose Us
 Must surely be good ;
 Who rather, than lose us,
 Would shed his Heart's Blood.

7. Blest Soul, that canst say,
 " Christ only I seek ;"
 Wait for him alway ;
 Be constant, though weak.
 The Lord, whom thou seekest ;
 Will not tarry long.
 And to him the Weakest
 Is dear as the Strong.

LXXXII.

He hath covered me with the Robe of Righteousness Isa. lxi, 10.

1. **O**F all the Creatures God has made
There is but Man alone,
That stands in Need to be array'd
In Cov'rings not his own.
2. By Nature, Bears, and Bulls, and Swine,
With Fowls of ev'ry Wing,
Are much more warm, more safe, more fine
Than Man, their fallen King.
3. Naked and weak We want a Skreen :
But when with Cloaths we're deckt,
Not only lies our Shame unseen,
But we command Respect.
4. Can sinful Souls then stand unclad
Before God's burning Throne,
All bare ; or (what is quite as bad)
In Cov'rings of their own ?
5. Rich Garments must be worn to grace
The Marriage of the Lamb ;
Not nasty Rags, to sink the Place,
Nor Nakedness, to shame.
6. Robes of imputed Righteousness
Will gain us God's Esteem ;
No naked Pride, no Fig-leaf Dress
How fair soe'er it seem.
7. 'Tis call'd a *Robe*, perhaps to mean
Man has by Nature none :

It grows not native, like our Skin,
But is by Faith *put on*.

8. A Sinner cloath'd in this rich Vest,
And Garments wash'd in Blood,
Is rend'red fit with Christ to feast,
And be the Guest of God.
-

LXXXIII.

Free-Grace.

1. **Y**E Children of God,
By Faith in his Son,
Redeem'd by his Blood,
And with him made one,
This Union with Wonder
And Rapture be seen ;
Which nothing can sunder,
Without or within.
2. This Pardon, this Peace
Which none can destroy,
This Treasure of Grace,
This heavenly Joy,
The worthless may crave it,
It always comes free ;
The vilest may have it,
'Twas given to *Me*.
3. 'Tis not for good Deeds,
Good Tempers, nor Frames ;
From Grace it proceeds,
And all is the Lamb's,
No Goodness, no Fitness
Expects he from Us.

This I can well witness ;
For none could be worse.

4. Sick Sinner, expect
No Balm, but Christ's Blood ;
Thy own Works reject,
The Bad, and the Good.
None ever miscarry
That on him rely,
Tho' filthy as * *Mary*,
Manassih, or *I*.

* *Mary Magdalene*.

LXXXIV.

God's various Dealings with his Children.

1. **H**OW hard and rugged is the Way
To some poor Pilgrims Feet !
In all they do, or think, or say,
They Opposition meet.
2. Others again more smoothly go
Secur'd from Hurts and Harms ;
Their Saviour leads them gently thro',
Or bears them in his Arms.
3. *Faith* and *Repentance* all must find :
But yet, we daily see,
They differ in their Time, and Kind,
Duration, and Degree.
4. Some long repent, and late believe ;
But when their Sin's forgiv'n,

A clear-

A clearer Passport they receive,
And walk with Joy to Heav'n.

5. Their Pardon some receive at first;
And then, compell'd to fight,
They feel their latter Stages worst;
And travel much by Night.

6. But be our Conflicts short or long;
This commonly is true,
That wheresoever Faith is strong,
Repentance is so too.

LXXXV.

Dependance on Christ alone.

1. IF ever it could come to pass,
That Sheep of Christ might fall away;
My fickle feeble Soul, alas!
Would fall a thousand Times a Day.
Were not thy Love as firm as free,
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from Me.

2. I on thy Promises depend,
(At least, I to depend desire)
That thou wilt love me to the End;
Be with me in Temptation's Fire;
Wilt *for* me work, and *in* me too;
And guide me right, and bring me through.

3. No other Stay have I beside;
If these can alter, I must fall.
I look to Thee, to be supply'd
With Life, with Will, with Pow'r, with
All.

Rich

Rich Souls may glory in their Store;
But Jesus will relieve the Poor.

LXXXVI.

In that Day there shall be a Fountain opened to the House of David, and to the Inhabitants of Jerusalem, for Sin, and for Uncleanness. Zech. xiii. 1.

1. **T**HE Fountain of Christ
Assist me to sing,
The Blood of our Priest,
Our crucify'd King;
Which perfectly cleanses
From Sin, and from Filth;
And richly dispenses
Salvation, and Health.

2. This Fountain so dear
He'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the Spear,
It gush'd from his Heart,
With Blood, and with Water,
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter;
The Fountain's but One.

3. This Fountain is such,
(As Thousands can tell)
The Moment we touch
It's Streams, we are well.
All Waters beside them
Are full of the Curse;
For all that have tried them
Swell, rot, and grow worse.

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4. This Fountain, sick Soul,
 Recovers thee quite;
 Bathe here, and be whole;
 Wash here, and be white:
 Whatever Diseases
 Or Dangers befall,
 The Fountain of Jesus
 Will rid thee of all.
5. This Fountain from Guilt
 Not only makes pure,
 And gives, soon as felt,
 Infallible Cure;
 But if Guilt removed
 Return, and remain,
 It's Pow'r may be proved
 Again, and again.
6. This Fountain unseal'd
 Stands open for all,
 That long to be heal'd,
 The great and the small;
 Here's Strength for the Weakly,
 That hither are led;
 Here's Health for the Sickly;
 Here's Life for the Dead.
7. This Fountain, tho' rich,
 From Charge is quite clear;
 The poorer the Wretch
 The welcomer here.
 Come needy, come guilty,
 Come loathsome and bare;
 You can't come too filthy --
 Come just as you are.

8. This

- 8, This Fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all Stain
Whenever apply'd :
The Water flows sweetly
With Virtue divine,
To cleanse Souls completely,
Tho' leprous as mine.

LXXXVII.

Christ the Christian's only Help.

1. **G**Racious God, thy Children keep.
Jesus, guide thy silly Sheep.
Fix, oh ! fix our fickle Souls.
Lord, direct us ; we are Fools.
2. Bid us in thy Care confide.
Keep us near thy wounded Side.
From thee let us never stir ;
For thou know'st how soon we err.
3. Lay us low before thy Feet,
Safe from Pride and Self-Conceit.
Be the Language of our Souls ;
" Lord, protect us ; we are Fools."
4. We are Fools ; but thou art wise.
Son of David, ope our Eyes.
Hold thy Lambs secure from Harms
In thy everlasting Arms.
5. Oh ! defend thy purchas'd Flock.
See th' insulting *Ishmaels* mock.
Guard us from a World of Sin ;
Foes without, and worse within ;

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6. Dang'rous Doctrines from without,
Lies, and Errors, round about ;
From within a treach'rous Heart,
Prone to take the Tempter's Part.
 7. Look upon th' unequal War ;
Saviour, do not go too far,
Crafty is the Foe, and strong ;
Saviour, do not tarry long.
 8. By thy Word we fain would steer ;
Fain thy Spirit's Dictates hear.
Save us from the Rocks and Shelves :
Save us chiefly from Ourselves.
 9. Never, never, may we dare
What we're not to say we are.
Make us well our Vileness know :
Keep us very, very low.
 10. May we all our Wills resign,
Quite absorpt and lost in thine.
Let us walk by thy right Rules.
Lord, instruct us ; we are Fools.
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LXXXVIII.

Saving Faith.

1. **T**HE Moment a Sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His Pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his Blood :
Tho' Thousands and Thousands of Foes
Against him in Malice unite
Their Rage he thro' Christ can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
2. Not

2. Not all the Delusions of Sin
 Shall ever seduce him to Death :
 He now has the Witness within,
 United to Jesus by Faith.
 This Faith shall eternally fail
 When Jesus shall fall from his Throne :
 For Hell against *Both* must prevail ;
 Since Jesus and he are but *One*.
3. The Faith that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such Salvation as this,
 Is more than mere Notion or Name ;
 The Work of God's Spirit it is ;
 A Principle active and young,
 That lives under Pressure and Load ;
 That makes out of Weakness more strong ;
 And draws the Soul upward to God.
4. It treads on the World, and on Hell.
 It vanquishes Death and Despair :
 And (what still is stranger to tell)
 It overcomes Heaven by Pray'r ;
 Permits a vile Worm of the Dust
 With God to commune as a Friend ;
 To hope his Forgiveness as just ;
 And look for his Love to the End.
5. It says to the Mountains, Depart,
 That stand betwixt God and the Soul.
 It binds up the broken in Heart,
 And makes their fore Consciences whole ;
 Bids Sins of a crimson-like Dye
 Be spotless as Snow, and as white ;
 And makes such a Sinner as I
 As pure as an Angel of Light.

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LXXXIX.

*These are they which came out of great
Tribulation; and have washed their
Robes, and made them white in the
Blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii. 14.*

1. **B** Rethren, Those who come to Bliss,
Come through sore Temptations.
Let us all, rememb'ring this,
Pray for Faith and Patience.
2. See the suff'ring Church of Christ,
Gather'd from all Quarters :
All contain'd in that red List,
Were not murder'd Martyrs.
3. Saints, who feel the Load of Sin,
Yet come off victorious,
Suffer Martyrdom within ;
Tho' it seems less glorious.
4. Th' Holy Ghost will make the Soul
Feel it's sad Condition ;
For the Sick, and not the Whole,
Need the good Physician.
5. Of that mighty Multitude,
Who of Life were Winners,
This we safely may conclude,
All were wretched Sinners.
6. All were loathsome in God's Sight,
Till the Blood of Jesus
Wash'd their Robes, and made them white:
Now they sing his Praises.

7. Ev'ry Kindred, Tongue, and Tribe,
From their Tribulation
Stand ; and to the Lamb ascribe
All their free Salvation.
8. Let us likewise laud the Lamb :
And in all Affliction,
Count our Case with theirs the same,
Without Contradiction.

XC.

*For the Kingdom of God is not in Word,
but in Power. 1 Cor. iv. 20.*

1. **A** Form of Words, though e'er so sound,
Can never save a Soul.
The Holy Ghost must give the Wound ;
And make the wounded whole.
2. Though God's *Election* is a Truth,
Small Comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God's own Mouth,
That he has chosen *Me*.
3. Sinners, I read, are justified
By Faith in Jesu's Blood :
But, when to *Me* that Blood's applied,
'Tis then it does me Good.
4. To Perseverance I agree :
The Thing to me is clear ;
Because the Lord has promis'd *Me*,
That I shall persevere.
5. Imputed Righteousness I own
A Doctrine most divine ;

For Jesus to my Heart makes known
That all his Merit's *Mine*.

6. That Christ is God, I can avouch,
And for his People cares ;
Since *I* have pray'd to him as such,
And he has heard my Pray'rs.

7. That Sinners black as Hell, by Christ
Are sav'd, I know full well :
For I his Mercy have not miss'd ;
And I am black as Hell.

8. Thus Christians glorify the Lord.
His Spirit joins with ours,
In bearing Witness to his Word,
With all it's saving Pow'rs.

XCI.

*Blessed are they that mourn : For they shall
be comforted. Mat. v. 4.*

1. **C**H R I S T is the Friend of Sinners :
Be that forgotten never.
A wounded Soul,
And not a whole,
Becomes a true Believer.
To see Sin, smarts but slightly ;
To own with Lip-confession,
Is easi'r still ;
But oh ! to feel,
Cuts deep beyond Expression.

2. Trust not to joyous Fancies,
Light Hearts, or smooth Behaviour.

Sinners can say

(And none but they)

"How precious is the Saviour!"

Then hail, ye happy Mourners.

How blest your State to come is!

Ye soon will meet

With Comfort sweet;

It is the Lord's own Promise.

3. The contrite Heart and broken
God will not give to Ruin.

This Sacrifice

He'll not despise;

For 'tis his Spirit's doing.

Then hail ye happy Mourners;

Who pass through Tribulation:

Sin's Filth and Guilt,

Perceiv'd and felt,

Make known God's great Salvation.

4. Dry Doctrine cannot save us,
Blind Zeal, or false Devotion.

The feeblest Pray'r,

If Faith be there,

Exceeds all empty Notion.

Then hail, ye happy Mourners:

Ye will at last be Winners.

By Jesu's Blood,

The righteous God

Is reconcil'd to Sinners.

XCII.

*The Spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to
Envy. Jam. iv. 5.*

1. **W**HAT Tongue can fully tell
That Christian's grievous Load,
Who would do all Things well,
And walk the Ways of God;
But feels within
Foul Envy lurk,
And lust, and work,
Engend'ring Sin?

2. Poor, wretched, worthless Worm!
In what sad Plight I stand!
When Good I would perform,
Then Evil is at Hand.
My leprous Soul
Is all unclean,
My Heart obscene,
My Nature foul.

3. To trust to Christ alone,
By thousand Dangers scar'd,
And Righteousness have none,
Is something very hard.
Whate'er Men say,
The needy know
It must be so;
It is the Way.

4. Thou all-sufficient Lamb,
God blest for evermore,
We glory in thy Name;
For thine is all the Pow'r.

Stretch forth thy Hand,
And hold us fast ;
Our First and Last,
In Thee we stand.

XCIII.

*I will bear the Indignation of the Lord,
because I have sinned against him.*
Mic. vii. 9.

1. **C**OME, ye backsliding Sons of God,
(For many such there are)
Who long the Paths of Sin have trod,
Come, cast away Despair.
Return to Jesus Christ ; and see,
There's Mercy still for such as We.
2. True, we cannot pretend to much
Of Usefulness or Fruit :
But yet the Love of Christ is such,
We still retain the Root.
Returning Prodigals shall find,
Though They are base, their Father's kind.
3. They who have never gone astray,
Since first the Lord they knew,
Walk in a much more pleasant Way ;
While we our Folly rue :
But though we seem to differ thus,
They can't be perfect without Us.
4. The Indignation of the Lord
Awhile we will endure ;
For we have sinn'd against his Word :
But still his Grace is sure.

'Tis all a Gift ; let no Man boast :
For Jesus came to save the *Lost*.

XCIV.

*I am the Way, and the Truth, and the
Life.* John xiv. 6.

1. **I** AM, saith Christ, *the Way*.
Now, if we credit *Him*,
All other Paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.
 2. I am, saith Christ, *the Truth*.
Then all that lacks this Test,
Proceed it from an Angel's Mouth,
Is but a Lie at best.
 3. I am, saith Christ, *the Life*.
Let this be seen by Faith ;
It follows, without further Strife,
That all besides is Death.
 4. If what those Words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply ;
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be *deceiv'd*, nor *die*.
-

XCV.

Love not the World. 1 John ii. 15.

1. **M**Y Brethren, why these anxious Fears,
These warm Pursuits, and eager Cares,
For Earth, and all its gilded Toys ?
If the whole World you could possess,

It

It might enchant ; it could not bless :
False Hopes, vain Pleasures, and light Joys!

2. Remember, Brethren, whose you are ;
Whose Cause you own , whose Name you
bear.

Is it not *His*, who could not call
His own (tho' he had all Things made)
A Place, whereon to lay his Head ?
A Servant, tho' the Lord of All !

3. If Wealth, or Honor, Pow'r, or Fame
Can bring you nearer to the Lamb,
Then follow these with all your Might :
But if they only make you stray,
And draw your Hearts from him away ;
Reflect, in what you thus delight.

4. Jesus hath said, (who surely knew
Much better what we ought to do,
Than we can e'er pretend to see)
“ No Thought ev'n for the Morrow take.”
And, “ He that will not, for my Sake,
“ Relinquish All's unworthy Me.”

5. Let no vain Words your Souls deceive ;
Nor Satan tempt you to believè
The World and God can hold their Parts.
True Christians long for Christ alone.
The Sacrifices God will own,
Are broken, not divided, Hearts.

6. Great Things we are not here to crave ;
But, if we Food and Raiment have,
Should learn to be therewith content.
Into the World we nothing brought ;

Not

Nor can we from it carry ought :
Then walk the Way your Master went.

XCVI.

For a public Fast.

1. **L**ORD, look on all assembled here ;
Who in thy Presence stand,
To offer up united Pray'r
For this our sinful Land.
2. Oft have we, each in private, pray'd
Our Country might find Grace.
Now hear the same Petitions made
In this appointed Place.
3. Or, if amongst us some be met,
So careless of their Sin,
They have not cried for Mercy yet ;
Lord, let them now begin.
4. Thou, by whose Death poor Sinners live,
By whom their Pray'rs succeed,
Thy Spir't of Supplication give,
And we shall pray indeed.
5. We will not slack ; nor give thee Rest ;
But importune thee so,
That, till we shall be by thee blest,
We will not let thee go.
6. Great God of Hosts, Deliv'rance bring.
Guide those that hold the Helm ;
Support the State ; preserve the King ;
And spare the guilty Realm.

7. Or

7. Or should the dread Decree be past,
And we must feel thy Rod ;
May Faith and Patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.
 8. Whatever be our dest'n'd Case,
Accept us in thy Son.
Give us his Gospel, and his Grace :
And then thy will be done.
-

XCVII.

*For he hath made him to be Sin for Us,
who knew no Sin ; that we might be
made the Righteousness of God in him.*
2 Cor. v. 21.

1. **W**HEN I, by Faith, my Maker see
In Weakness and Distress,
Brought down to that sad State for Me,
Which Angels can't express ;
2. When that great God, to whom I go
For Help, amaz'd, I view
By Sin and Sorrow sunk as low
As I—And lower too ;
3. (For all our Sins we *his* may call,
As he sustain'd their Weight.
How huge the heavy Load of all ;
When only mine's so great !)
4. Then, ravish'd with the rich Belief
Of such a Love as this,
I'm lost in Wonder, melt with Grief,
And faint beneath the Bliss.

5. Prostrate I fall, ashamed of Doubt;
And worship Love divine.
Thus may I always be devout;
Be this Religion mine.
 6. In this alone I can confide:
Here's Righteousness enough.
What piddling Works are all beside!
What unsubstantial Stuff!
 7. Those Rounds of Duties, Forms, and Ways,
Which some so much esteem,
Compar'd with this stupendous Grace
What trifling Trash they seem!
 8. Lord, help a worthless Worm, so weak
He can do nothing good.
May all I act, or think, or speak,
Be sprinkled with thy Blood.
-

XCVIII.

*For the Law was given by Moses; but
Grace and Truth came by Jesus Christ.
John i. 17.*

1. **I**S then the Law of God untrue,
Which he by *Moses* gave?
No: But to take it in this View,
That it has Pow'r to save.
2. Legal Obedience were complete,
Could we the Law fulfil:
But no Man ever did so yet;
And no Man ever will.

3. The Law was never meant to give
New Strength to Man's lost Race.
We cannot act, before we live ;
And Life proceeds from Grace.
 4. But Grace and Truth by Christ are giv'n,
To him must *Moses* bow.
Grace fits the new-born Soul for Heav'n,
And Truth informs us how.
 5. By Christ we enter into Rest ;
And triumph o'er the Fall.
Whoe'er would be completely blest,
Must trust to Christ for all.
-

XCIX.

Let God be true, but every Man a Liar.
Rom. iii. 4

1. **T**HE God I trust,
Is true and just ;
His Mercy hath no End.
Himself hath said,
My Ransom's paid :
And I on him depend.
2. Then why so sad,
My Soul ? Though bad,
Thou hast a Friend that's good.
He bought thee dear.
(Abandon Fear)
He bought thee with his Blood.
3. So rich a Cost
Can ne'er be lost ;

Though

Though Faith be tri'd by Fire.

Keep Christ in View :

Let God be true,

And ev'ry Man a Li'r.

C.

Come, and welcome, to Jesus Christ.

1. **C**OME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore.
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of Pity join'd with Pow'r.
He is able, he is able, he is able ;
He is willing : doubt no more.
2. Ho ! ye needy ; come, and welcome ;
God's free Bounty glorify.
True Belief, and true Repentance,
Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh,
Without Money, without Money, without
Money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
3. Let not Conscience make you linger ;
Nor of Fitness fondly dream.
All the Fitness he requireth
Is, to feel your Need of Him :
This he gives you, this he gives you, this
he gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising Beam.
4. Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Brais'd and mangled by the Fall ;
If you tarry, till you're better,
You will never come at all.

N

Not

Not the Righteous, not the Righteous, not
the Righteous ;
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5. View him grov'ling in the Garden ;
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies.
On the bloody Tree behold him :
Hear him cry, before he dies ;
It is finish'd ; it is finish'd ; it is finish'd.
Sinner, will not this suffice ?
6. Lo ! th'incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the Merit of his Blood.
Venture on him, venture wholly ;
Let no other Trust intrude.
None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but
Jesus,
Can do helpless Sinners good.
7. Saints and Angels join'd in Concert,
Sing the Praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful Seats of Heaven
Sweetly echo with his Name.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

CI.

*And the Lord went his Way, as soon as
he had left communing with Abraham :
and Abraham returned unto his Place.*
Gen. xviii. 33.

1. **W**HEN Jesus with his mighty Love
Visits my troubled Breast,
My Doubts subside, my Fears remove ;
And I'm completely blest.

2. I love the Lord with Mind and Heart,
His People, and his Ways;
Envy, and Pride, and Lust depart;
And all his Works I praise:
3. Nothing but Jesus I esteem;
My Soul is then sincere;
And ev'ry Thing that's dear to Him,
To me is also dear.
4. But ah! when these short Visits end,
Though not quite left alone,
I miss the Presence of my Friend,
Like one whose Comfort's gone.
5. I to my own sad Place return,
My wretched State to feel.
I tire, and faint, and mope, and mourn;
And am but barren still.
6. More frequent let thy Visits be,
Or let them longer last;
I can do nothing without Thee;
Make Haste, my God, make Haste.

CII.

*Son, be of good Cheer; thy Sins be forgiven
thee. Mat. ix. 2.*

1. **H**OW high a Priv'lege 'tis to know
Our Sins are all forgiv'n!
To bear about this Pledge below,
This special Grant of Heav'n!
2. To look on this, when sunk in Fears;
While each repeated Sight
Like some reviving Cordial cheers,
And makes Temptations light!

3. Oh! what is Honor, Wealth, or Mirth,
To this well-grounded Peace!
How poor are all the Goods of Earth,
To such a Gift as this!
4. This is a Treasure rich indeed,
Which none but Christ can give.
Of this the best of Men have need:
This I, the worst, receive.
-

CIII.

Another.

1. **B**lessed are they, whose Guilt is gone;
Whose Sins are wash'd away with Blood;
Whose Hope is fix'd on Christ alone;
Whom Christ hath reconcil'd to God.
2. Blest is the Man, to whom the Lord
Iniquity will not impute;
Who, vent'ring on his Saviour's Word,
Of Faith enjoys the peaceful Fruit.
3. Though trav'ling thro' this Vale of Tears,
He many a fore Temptation meet,
The Holy Ghost this Witness bears,
He stands in Jesus still complete.
4. This Pearl of Price no Works can claim,
He that finds this, is rich indeed.
This pure white Stone contains a Name,
Which none, but who receives, can read.
5. This precious Gift, this Bond of Love,
The Lord oft gives his People here.
But what we all shall be above,
Doth not, my Brethren, yet appear:
6. Yet

6. Yet this we safely may believe ;
'Tis what no Words will e'er express ;
What Saints themselves cannot conceive,
And brightest Angels can but guess.
-

CIV.

Is not this a Brand pluckt out of the Fire ?
Zechar. iii. 2.

1. **T**HUS saith the Lord to those that stand,
And wait to hear his great Command ;
I have a Sinner to renew ;
And lo ! this Charge I give to you.
 2. Pull his polluted Garments off.
Here, Soul, here's Raiment rich enough ;
Cloath thee with Righteousness divine,
Not Creature's Righteousness, but Mine.
 3. Satan, avaunt ; stand off, ye Foes :
In vain ye rail, in vain oppose ;
Your cancell'd Claim no more obtrude ;
He's mine : I bought him with my Blood.
 4. Sinner, thou stand'st in me complete :
Tho' they accuse thee, I acquit.
I bore for thee th'avenging Ire ;
And pluck'd thee burning from the Fire.
-

CV.

Condescend to Men of low Estate.
Rom. xii. 16.

1. **T**O you who stand in Christ so fast,
Ye know your Faith shall ever last,
N 3 The

The Lord, on whom that Faith depends,
This kind important Message sends.

2. If light exulting Thoughts arise,
Your weaker Brethren to despise;
Remember, all to me are dear:
Who most is favor'd, most should bear.
3. If strong thyself, support the Weak;
If well, be tender to the Sick:
To Babes I oft reveal my Mind;
And they who seek my Face shall find.
4. If Faith be strong as well as true,
Then strive that Love may be so too.
Boast not; but meek and lowly be:
The humblest Soul is most like Me.
5. Should I, displeas'd, my Face but turn,
Ye sadly would your Folly mourn;
Who now seem best, would soon be worst:
I often make the Last the First.
6. Encourage Souls that on me wait;
And stoop to those of low Estate.
Contempt, or Slight, I can't approve:
Be Love your Aim; for I am Love.

CVI.

*O wretched Man that I am! Who shall
deliver me from the Body of this Death?*
Rom. vii. 24.

1. **H**OW sore a Plague is Sin,
To those by whom 'tis felt!
The Christian cries; *Unclean, unclean,*
E'en though releas'd from Guilt.

2. O wretched, wretched Man !
What horrid Scenes I view !
I find, alas ! do all I can,
That I can nothing do.
3. When Good I would perform,
Thro' Fear or Shame I stop :
Corruption rises, like a Storm,
And blasts the promis'd Crop.
4. Of Peace if I'm in Quest,
Or Love my Thoughts engage,
Envy and Malice in my Breast
That Moment rise, and rage.
5. When for an humbled Mind
To God I pour my Pray'r,
I look into my Heart, and find
The Pride of Devils there.
6. How long, dear Lord, how long
Deliv'rance must I seek ;
And fight with Foes so very strong,
Myself so very weak ?
7. I'll bear th' unequal Strife,
And wage the War within ;
Since Death, that puts an End to Life,
Shall put an End to Sin.

CVII.

I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Rom. vii. 25.

1. **T**H O' void of all that's good,
And very, very poor,

Through

Through Christ I hope to be renew'd,
And live for evermore.

2. I view my own bad Heart,
And see such Evils there,
The Sight with Horror makes me start,
And tempts me to despair :
 3. Then with a single Eye
I look to Christ alone ;
And on his Righteousness rely,
Tho' I myself have none.
 4. By Virtue of his Blood
The Lord declares me clean.
Thus serves my Mind the Law of God,
My Flesh the Law of Sin.
-

CVIII.

Thou shalt guide me with thy Counsel.
Psalm lxxiii. 24.

1. **W**Hene'er I make some sudden Stop,
(For many such I make)
And cannot see the Cloud clear'd up,
Nor know which Path to take ;
2. I to my Saviour speed my Way,
To tell my dubious State ;
Then listen what the Lord will say ;
And hope to follow that.
3. If Jesus seem to hide his Face,
What anxious Fears I feel !
But if he deign to whisper Peace,
I'm happy ; all is well.

4. Con-

4. Confirm'd by one soft secret Word,
I seek no further Light ;
But walk, depending on my Lord,
By Faith, and not by Sight.
 5. Of Friends and Counsellors bereft,
I often hear him say ;
" Decline not to the Right nor Left ;
" Go on ; lo, here's the Way."
 6. Weak in myself, in Him I'm strong :
His Spirit's Voice I hear.
The Way I walk cannot be wrong,
If Jesus be but there.
 7. He is my Helper and my Guide.
I trust to Him alone.
No other Helps have I beside.
I venture all on One.
-

CIX.

*Then he turned his Face to the Wall, and
prayed unto the Lord. 2 Kings xx. 2.*

1. **K**ING *Hezekiah* lay diseas'd,
With ev'ry dang'rous Symptom seiz'd,
Beyond the Cure of Art,
With languid Pulse, and Strength decay'd,
With Spirits sunk, and Soul dismay'd,
And ready to depart.
2. His Friends despair ; his Servants droop ;
The learned Leech can give no Hope ;
All Signs of Life are fled :
When, lo ! the Seer *Isaiah* came,

With

With Words to damp th'expiring Flame,
And strike the Dying dead.

3. Ent'ring the royal Patient's Room,
He thus denounc'd the dreadful Doom.
 " Of flatt'ring Hopes beware.
 " God's Messenger behold I stand.
 " Thus saith the Lord, Thy Death's at Hand:
 " Prepare, O King, prepare."
4. Where is the Man, whom Words like these
 (Tho' free before from all Disease)
 Would not deject to Death?
Fav'rite of Heav'n! in thee we see
The Miracles of Pray'r; in thee
Th' Omnipotence of Faith.
5. Methinks I hear the Hero say;
 " And must my Life be snatch'd away,
 " Before I'm fit to die?
 " Can Pray'r reverse the stern Decree,
 " And save a Wretch condemn'd like Me?
 " It may—At least I'll try.
6. " Ye Damps of Death, that chill me thro',
 " God's Prophet, and Prediction too,
 " I must withstand you all.
 " Both Heav'n and Earth, awhile be gone:
 " I turn me to the Lord alone;
 " And face the silent Wall."
7. He said; and weeping pour'd a Pray'r,
That conquer'd Pain, remov'd Despair
With all it's heavy Load,
Repell'd the Force of Death's Attack,
Brought the recanting Prophet back,
And turn'd the Mind of God.

CX.

But thou shalt know hereafter. John xiii. 7.

1. **R**ighteous are the Works of God ;
All his Ways are holy ;
Just his Judgments ; fit his Rod
To correct our Folly :
2. All his Dealings wise and good,
Uniform, tho' various,
Though they seem, by Reason view'd,
Cross, or quite contrarious.
3. These are Truths ; and happy he,
Who can well receive them.
Brethren, tho' we cannot see,
Still we should believe them.
4. Why through darksome Paths we go,
We may know no Reason ;
But we shall hereafter know,
Each in his due Season.
5. Could we see how all is right,
Where were Room for Credence ?
But by Faith, and not by Sight,
Christians yield Obedience.
6. Let all fruitless Searches go,
Which perplex and teaze us :
We determine nought to know,
But a bleeding Jesus.

CXI.

Blessed be ye Poor. Luke vi. 20.

1. **L**ORD, when I hear thy Children talk,
(And I believe 'tis often true)
How with Delight thy Ways they walk,
And gladly thy Commandments do.
2. In my own Breast I look, and read
Accounts so very diff'rent there,
That, had I not thy Blood to plead,
Each Sight would sink me to Despair.
3. Needy, and naked, and unclean,
Empty of Good, and full of Ill,
A lifeless Lump of loathsome Sin,
Without the Pow'r to act or will!
4. I feel my fainting Spirits droop;
My wretched Leanness I deplore;
Till gladden'd with a Gleam of Hope
From this; "The Lord has blest *the Poor.*"
5. Then, while I make my secret Moan,
Upwards I cast my Eyes; and see,
Though I have nothing of my own,
My Treasure is immense in Thee.
6. Still may I keep thy Love in View;
Lean there; nor envy those that run;
Still trust to—not what I can do,
But what thyself hast for me done.
7. My Treasure is thy precious Blood.
Fix there my Heart: And for the rest,
Under thy forming Hands, my God,
Give me that Frame which thou lik'st best.

CXII.

CXII.

A general Admonition.

1. **B** Rethren, why toil ye thus for Toys ;
And reckon Trash for Treasure ;
Call gay Deceptions solid Joys,
Intoxication Pleasure ?
2. If more refin'd Amusements please,
As Knowledge, Arts, or Learning ;
A Moment puts an End to these ;
And sometimes short's the Warning.
3. What Balm could Wretches ever find
In Wit, to heal Affliction ?
Or who can cure a troubled Mind
With all the Pomp of Diction ?
4. Reflect, what Trifles ye pursue
So anxious and so heedful :
For after all (you'll find it true)
There is but one Thing needful.
5. God in his Scriptures to reveal
His Will has condescended.
What there is said, he will fulfil ;
Tho' Man may be offended.
6. This written Word with Rev'rence treat :
Join Pray'r with each Inspection.
And be not wise in Self-conceit ;
'Tis Folly to Perfection.
7. True Wisdom, of celestial Birth,
Can both instruct and cherish.
Other Attainments are of Earth :
And all that's Earth must perish.
8. The chief Concern of fall'n Mankind
Should be to gain God's Favour.
What Safety can the Sinner find,
Before he find a Saviour ?

Q

9. This

9. This Saviour must be One that can
From Sin and Death release us ;
Make up the Breach 'twixt God and Man :
Which none can do, but Jesus.
10. Jesus is Judge of Quick and Dead :
And there is none beside him ;
Whether his Pow'r we slight, or dread ,
Adore him, or deride him.
11. Whate'er we judge ourselves ; we must
Or stand, or fall by *His* Doom.
And they that in this Jesus trust,
Have found eternal Wisdom.
12. Mercy and Love, from Jesus felt,
Can heal a wounded Spirit ;
Mercy, that triumphs over Guilt,
And Love, that seeks no Merit.
13. Then kiss the Son : for from his Wrath
No Wisdom can deliver.
Close in with Christ, by saving Faith,
And God's your Friend for ever.
-

-CXIII.

Because thou sayest I am rich, and increased with Goods. Rev. iii. 17.

1. **W**HAT makes mistaken Men afraid
Of sov'reign Grace to preach ?
The Reason is (if Truth be said)
Because they are so *rich*.
2. Why so offensive in their Eyes
Doth God's Election seem ?

Be-

Because they think themselves so wise
That they have chosen *Him*.

3. Of Perseverance why so loth
Are some to speak or hear?
Because, as Masters over Sloth,
They vow to persevere.
4. Whence is imputed Righteousness,
A Point so little known?
Because Men think, they all possess
Some Righteousness their own.
5. Not so the needy helpless Soul
Prefers his humble Pray'r.
He looks to him that works the whole;
And seeks his Treasure there.
6. His Language is; "Let me, my God,
" On sov'reign Grace rely;
" And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
" On one so vile as I.
7. " *Election!* 'Tis a Word divine:
" For, Lord, I plainly see,
" Had not thy Choice prevented mine,
" I ne'er had chosen *Thee*.
8. " For *Perseverance* Strength I've none:
" But would on this depend;
" That *Jesus* having lov'd his own,
" He lov'd them to the End.
9. " Empty and bare I come to thee,
" For Righteousness divine.
" O may thy matchless Merits be,
" By *Imputation*, mine!"
10. Thus differ These; yet hoping each
To make Salvation sure.
Now most Men would approve the *Rich*;
But Christ has blest the *Poor*.

*For thine is the Kingdom, and the Power,
and the Glory, for ever. Amen. Mat.
vi. 13.*

1. **Y**E Souls that are weak,
And helpless, and poor,
Who know not to speak;
Much less to do more;
Lo! here's a Foundation
For Comfort and Peace.
In Christ is Salvation:
The Kingdom is *His*.
2. With Power he rules;
And Wonders performs;
Gives Conduct to Fools,
And Courage to Worms,
Beset by sore Evils
Without, and within,
By Legions of Devils,
And Mountains of Sin.
3. Then be not afraid;
All Power is giv'n
To Jesus our Head,
In Earth, and in Heav'n.
Through him we shall conquer
The mightiest Foes:
Our Captain is stronger
Than all that oppose.
4. His Pow'r from above
He'll kindly impart;
So free is his Love,
So tender his Heart.
Redeem'd with his Merit,
We're wash'd in his Blood;
Renew'd by his Spirit,
We've Power with God.

5. Thy

5. Thy Grace we adore,
 Director divine.
 The Kingdom, and Pow'r,
 And Glory, are thine.
 Preserve us from running
 On Rocks or on Shelves;
 From Foes strong and cunning;
 And most from Ourselves.
6. Reign o'er us as King;
 Accomplish thy Will;
 And pow'rfully bring
 Us forth from all Ill;
 Till falling before thee
 We laud thy lov'd Name,
 Ascribing the Glory
 To God, and the Lamb.
-

CXV.

*Who was delivered for our Offences, and
 was raised again for our Justification.
 Rom. iv. 25.*

1. JESUS, when on the bloody Tree
 He hung, thro' Soul and Body pierc'd,
 (That all Things might accomplish'd be
 Contain'd in Scripture) said, *I thirst.*
2. *Hyssop*, the Plant ordain'd by God,
 And held by *Jews* in high Esteem,
 Which sprinkled them with Paschal Blood,*
 Sharp Vinegar convey'd to *Him*.
3. This done, our dear, our dying Lord
 Exerts his short expiring Breath;
 Utters this rich important Word,
 'Tis *finish'd*; and submits to Death.

O 3

4. Hence-

* Exod. xii. 22.

4. Henceforth an End is put to Sin :
(Th'important Word implies no less)
Now for Believers is brought in
An everlasting Righteousness.
5. The Son of God and Man has died,
Sinners as black as Hell to save:
And, that they might be justified,
Is ris'n victorious from the Grave.
6. In Heav'n he lives, our King, our Priest ;
There for his People ever pleads.
How sure is our Salvation ! Christ
Died, rose, ascended, intercedes.

CXVI.

For he shall not speak of himself. John xvi. 13.

1. **W**Hatever prompts the Soul to Pride,
Or gives us Room to boast,
(Except in Jesus crucified)
Is not the Holy Ghost.
2. That blessed Spir't omits to speak
Of what himself has done ;
And bids th'enlighten'd Sinner seek
Salvation in the Son.
3. He seldom moves a Man to say,
" Thank God, I'm made so good :"
But turns his Eye another Way,
To Jesus, and his Blood.
4. Great are the Graces he confers,
But all in Jesu's Name.
He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
" *Salvation to the Lamb.*"

And ye are complete in him. Colof. ii. 10.

1. **W**HEN is it Christians all agree,
And let Distinctions fall?
When, nothing in Themselves, they see
That Christ is All, in All.
2. But Strife and Diff'rence will subsist
While Men will something seem.
Let them but singly look to Christ,
And all are one in *Him* ;
3. The Infant, and the aged Saint ;
The Worker, and the Weak ;
They who are strong, and seldom faint,
And they who scarce can speak.
4. Eternal Life's the Gift of God.
It comes thro' Christ alone.
'Tis his ; he bought it with his Blood ;
And therefore gives *his own*.
5. We have no Life, no Pow'r, no Faith,
But what by Christ is giv'n.
We all deserve eternal Death :
And thus we all are ev'n.

CXVIII.

The Outcasts of Israel.

1. **L**ORD, pity Outcasts vile and base,
The poor Dependants on thy Grace,
Whom Men Disturbers call,
By Sinners and by Saints withstood,
For *these* too bad, for *those* too good,
Condemn'd, or shunn'd by all.

2. Tho'

2. Tho' faithful *Abr'ham* us reject,
 And tho' his ransom'd Race, elect,
 Agree to give us up;
 Thou art our Father; and thy Name
 From everlasting is the same;
 On that we build our Hope.

CXIX.

The Lord thy God brought it to me. Gen. xxvii. 20.

1. **A**ND now the Work is done,
 Without much Pains or Cost.
 The Author's Merit's none;
 And therefore none his Boast:
 He only claims whate'er's amiss.
 Alas! how large a Share is His!
2. Some Time it took to beat
 And hunt for tinkling Sound;
 But the rich sav'ry Meat
 Was very quickly found.
 For ev'ry-truly Christian Thought
 Was by the God of *Isaac* brought.
3. May he that sings or reads,
 That precious Blessing know,
 That comes by *Jacob's Kids*,
 And not from *Esau's Bow*.
 O bring no Price: God's Grace is free,
 To *Paul*; to *Magdalene*—to *Me*.
4. Glory to God alone,
 (Let Man forbear to boast)
 To Father, and to Son,
 And to the Holy Ghost.
 Eternal Life's the Gift of God:
 The Lamb procur'd it by his Blood,

I N D E X.

Pag. Hym.

A

A Form of Words tho' e'er so found	122	90
A Man there is, a real Man	10	7
A Saint there was in Days of Old —	61	44
And must it Lord, be so —	26	20
And now the Work is done —	152	119
As when a Child secure of Harms —	92	69

B

Believers own they are but blind —	106	77
Bless the Lord, my Soul, and raise	95	72
Blessed are they whose Guilt is gone	136	103
Bless'd Spir't of Truth, eternal God —	8	5
Brethren, let us praise our Lord —	30	23
Brethren, why toil ye thus for Toys	145	112
Brethren, those who come to Bliss	121	89
Brethren, would ye know your Stay	59	42

C.

Christ is the Friend of Sinners —	123	91
Come all ye chosen Saints of God —	1	1
Come hither, ye that fain would know	84	62
Come hither, ye that fear the Lord —	39	27
Come, holy Spirit, come —	6	4
Come, my Soul, and let us try —	31	24
Come, poor Sinners, come away —	52	36
Come, ye backsliding Sons of God	126	93
Come, ye Christians, sing the Praises	73	55
Come, ye humble Sinner-Train —	56	39
Come, ye redeemed of the Lord —	15	12
Come, ye Sinners poor and wretched	133	100

D.

Dark is he, whose Eye's not single	89	66
Descend from Heav'n, Celestial Dove	9	6

F.

I N D E X.

Pag. Hym.

F.

Faith in Jesus can repel	—	87	64
Faith in the bleeding Lamb	—	68	50

G

God thus commanded Jacob's Seed	—	46	31
Gracious God, thy Children keep	—	118	87

H.

He that believeth Christ the Lord	—	108	79
How blest is this Season	—	16	13
How can ye hope, deluded Souls	—	11	8
How hard and rugged is the Way	—	114	84
How high a Priv'lege 'tis to know	—	135	102
How fore a Plague is Sin	—	138	106
How strange is the Course that a Chri- stian must steer	—	44	29
How wond'rous are the Works of God	—	27	21

I.

I am, saith Christ, the Way	—	127	94
Jesus is our God and Saviour	—	71	54
Jesus is the chiefest Good	—	15	11
Jesus, when on the bloody Tree	—	149	115
Jesus, while he dwelt below	—	99	75
If Dust and Ashes might presume	—	77	57
If ever it could come to pass	—	115	85
If Unbelief's that Sin accus'd	—	5	3
In all our worst Afflictions	—	29	22
Innumerable Foes	—	79	58
Is then the Law of God untrue	—	131	98

K

Kind Souls, who for the Mis'ries moan	—	70	52
King Hezekiah lay diseas'd	—	141	109

L.

Lamb of God, we fall before thee	—	22	17
Let us all with grateful Praises	—	18	14
Let us ask the important Question	—	75	56

Let

I N D E X.

Pag. Hym.

Lord, look on all assembled here	—	129	96
Lord, pity Outcasts vile and base	—	151	118
Lord, we lie before thy Feet	—	98	74
Lord, what a Riddle is my Soul	—	4	2
Lord, when I hear thy Children talk	—	144	111
Lord, when thy Spir't descends to shew	—	60	43

M.

Man, bewail thy Situation	—	88	65
Mercy is welcome News indeed	—	69	51
Mighty Enemies without	—	82	60
Mistaken Men may bawl	—	109	80
Much we alk of Jesu's Blood	—	58	41
My Brethren, why these anxious Fears	—	127	95
My God when I reflect	—	14	10

N.

No Prophet nor Dreamer of Dreams	—	96	73
Now for a wond'rous Song	—	94	71
Now from the Garden to the Cross	—	85	63

O.

O ye Sons of Men, be wise	—	57	40
Of all the Creatures God has made	—	112	82
Oh! the Pangs by Christians felt	—	23	18
Oh! what a narrow, narrow Path	—	44	30
Oh! what a sad and doleful Night	—	50	34
Once more the constant Sun	—	21	16

P.

Perfect Holiness of Spirit	—	91	68
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R.

Righteous are the Works of God	—	143	110
Righteousness to the Believer	—	90	67

S.

Some Christians to the Lord regard a Day	49	33	
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T.

That Day when Christ was crucified	—	52	35
The Fountain of Christ	—	116	86

The

I N D E X.

	Pag.	Hym.
The God I trust — — —	132	99
The Holy Ghost in Scripture saith —	12	9
The Lord assur'd the chosen Race —	42	28
The Lord that made both Heav'n and Earth	47	32
The Moment a Sinner believes —	119	88
The Moon and Stars shall lose their Light	66	48
The Sinner that by precious Faith —	53	37
The Soul that with sincere Desires —	64	46
The Souls that would to Jesus press —	20	15
The Things on Earth which Men esteem	104	76
Though strait be the Way —	25	19
Though void of all that's good —	139	107
Thus saith the Lord to those that stand	137	104
To comprehend the great Three-One	65	47
To you who stand in Christ so fast —	137	105

W.

What makes mistaken Men afraid —	146	112
What slavish Fears molest my Mind —	33	25
What Tongue can fully tell —	125	92
Whatever prompts the Soul to Pride	150	116
When Aaron in the holiest Place —	81	59
When Adam by Transgression fell —	54	38
When deaf to ev'ry Warning giv'n —	66	49
When I by Faith my Maker see —	130	97
When Jesus with his mighty Love —	134	101
When is it Christians all agree —	151	117
When Noah with his favour'd few —	107	78
When the blest Day of Pentecost —	62	45
When we pray, or when we sing —	84	61
When'er I make some sudden Stop	140	108
When'er believes aright —	71	53
While is the Gate of Death —	35	26

Y.

Ye Children of God —	113	83
Ye Lambs of Christ's Fold —	110	81
Ye Souls that are weak —	148	114
Ye tempted Souls, reflect —	93	70

